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There are still vestiges of the old Ireland left, but excursionists would do well to take time by the forelock if they would see them. Well-organized and cheap railroads are opening up all the country. Quilca will become as well known as Malvern, and the Donegal watering-places as familiar as those in the Isle of Thanet. The last coach, between Longford and Sligo, has just been taken off the road, just as the civilizer of a great portion of the way, Mr. James Pratt, the eminent civil engineer, had constructed such high-roads and by-roads as even Ireland had not hitherto seen. With the last coach, went the last of the

facetious, half sly, half impudent, domineering, buffooning, but good-natured Irish guards, the famous Macluskys, to jest with whom was a perilous matter, so quick and fiercely facetious was he at repartee. But even Macluskys sometimes got as hard and stingingly witty words as he gave.

Travellers, to whom Ireland is new ground, and whose idea of the people is derived only from the stage and highly-coloured national stories, must be warned against expecting to find wit or humour in every Celt they meet. The London boy and the London omnibus-conductor deal quite as largely in merely sharp and smart things. The strong point of the Celt is in his simplicity, which helps him to drollery, when he intended to say nothing but what was natural and reasonable. We are aware that the Dublin playhouse gallery had a great reputation for daring and impudent wit, but as that has disappeared since the University students ceased to resort to it, we may conjecture, if not conclude, that the wit was the wit of educated young fellows, and not of the uncultivated town or country Celt. Lord Carlisle made a great mistake when, on laying some foundation-stone, in public, he followed up the administering of the mortar by flinging his hat in the air, cutting a caper, and giving a wild cry intended for a manifestation of jollity. That was the dramatic and romantic Irishman, and the manifestation astonished every one who was present. All the charm of the native is in his simplicity; as in the case of the tipsy reveller who was harshly condemned by Alderman Porter to six months' imprisonment, with the remark that he might pass the time in cursing whisky. "By dad, I will!" said the poor fellow, "and in cursing Porter, too!" Another illustration of Irish simplicity, not wit, is afforded by the reply of a young candidate for the office of teacher. Archbishop Whately was endeavouring to elicit the candidate's idea on the market value of labour, with reference to demand and supply, but, being baffled, the prelate put a question in this simple form—"If there are in your village two shoemakers with just sufficient employment to enable them to live tolerably, and no more, what would follow if a third shoemaker set up in the same village?"—"What would follow, Sir?" said the candidate, "why, a fight, to be sure!" which was likely enough, but it was not the reply the prelate looked for. Generally speaking, the witty sayings have been made by the educated Irishmen, and "said to have been said" by the lower-class man, in whose mouth they have been put for effect. It was not a peasant, as reported, but a barrister, who said of a fellow-counsellor, who was remarkable for wearing shirt-collars which reached to his nose, that "he must feel very warm behind them, and very cold below them,"—a witty enough suggestion that the great "O" exhibited all his linen above his neck. So the Irish thief who replied to the magistrate's remark touching the three men who were ready to swear they had seen him steal the shirt from the hedge, "that he could bring six men who would swear they hadn't seen him steal it," owed the witty plea not to himself but to the brains of his attorney.

It would be as reasonable to expect that Irish mansions are full of the rollicking life and character which are given to them in novels, and which they never possessed but exceptionally, as to look for powerful demonstrations of wit in every Hibernian you encounter. Even the quiet old whisky-brackets which used to adorn every fireside—the resting-places of the social glass of toddy—have disappeared; but

although whisky punch is more drunk than wine, after dinner, it is only in moderately cheerful quantities. Irish homes are like well-regulated homes in every civilized country; but in some of them linger the romance that belonged to a former age, or the results of an old by-gone course of extravagance, or reminiscences of an ancient humour and jollification that belonged to a period that can never return. One of the grandest prospects in all the Green Isle is as if it did not exist for the noble proprietor. On the unexpected death of the wife with whom he had shared this earthly paradise, he resolved never to look upon it again, since her eyes could not rest upon it too. Surely, all the essentials of an old-world, tender yet manly, romance are here. But Irish paradises are not invariably without the trail of the serpent. There is one of exquisitely quaint beauty, the proprietor of which was kept out of possession by the rightful owners! That is to say, lack of prudence on the part of the former consigned the estate to the keeping of trustees, but the heir of the absent prodigal was allowed to live in the mansion with his wife. Outside the dwelling, all was beauty of the most refining quality; but we can remember when, within, the heir lay in one room, a victim to *delirium tremens*, and his wife in another, suffering from the same most unfeminine infirmity. It is pleasant to turn to another house, unfortunate enough in its way, that of Martin of Galway. That house, up in Connemara, was for ever besieged by bailiffs, but the King of Connemara had a way of his own of dealing with them. One instance will suffice. A man, bearing a writ, once presented himself at Martin's door, stating that he had business with the master. Mr. Martin remarked that no business was transacted at his house till after dinner; and he invited the too happy stranger to dine with him. The fish brought to table consisted of very fine eels, and the guest could not praise them too highly. "Yes," said the host, "they ought to be fine. A month ago there came a vagabond here who had the impudence to try to serve me with a writ; but that tall fellow at the sideboard there, no sooner scented a bailiff than he knocked him down, dragged him to the pond, tossed him in,—and those eels have been fattening on him ever since, till they were caught for dinner to-day. Allow me to help you to a little more."

In this there was practical humour, and this humour always prevailed more among the higher than the lower classes. We have an instance of it as late as the time of the late Marquis of Waterford. This well-known Irish landlord was in the habit of riding in the second-class carriages of the railroad in his vicinity. Such a course very highly disgusted the proprietors, and they resolved to cure the Marquis, as they said, of his eccentricity. Accordingly, on one occasion, as he was sitting in a second-class carriage, a sweep, who had previously been in a third-class compartment, was invited out, and placed by the Marquis's side. His lordship immediately got out and purchased a first-class ticket, on delivering which to him the clerk laughed, as if the company had gained a victory. But Lord Waterford quietly returned to the train, gave the first-class ticket to the sweep, gravely escorted him to his place of honour, and then resumed his own place in the second class, from which the proprietors never again sought to remove him. This, again, was humour to some purpose. Such humour is not altogether absent from the lower classes; but with them simplicity—often a very shrewd simplicity—is the chief characteristic. It begins in the young, with a very simple faith. Up in the Gap of Dunloe there is a lake in which, as all the

country-folk round believe, there lies a wicked serpent in chains. Ask any boy or girl why he or she believes this story, and the simple reply will be "Sure, the old people told me!" To mistrust the traditions of the elders would never enter their minds, and there is something beautiful in such a child-like faith. There is undoubtedly a quickness of appreciation of facts and their consequences which often takes a humorous turn, as in the case of the Irishman riding with a rogue who, as they trotted by a gibbet, asked his companion where he would be if that gallows had its due, and received the capital reply, "I'd be riding by myself." In the humour of the higher classes there has often been a strong dramatic element,—the incidents seem to belong rather to the stage or to romance than to everyday life and dull reality. The land round the Pot of the Shannon—a district of which a second edition of this Handbook will doubtless have more to say than is the case in the present issue—is the property of the Annesleys, a family whose records ring with romantic echoes of a most startling and sensational nature. They are not forgotten in the wild and beautiful district at the foot of the Cavan mountains, whither tourists will, we hope, soon find their way. One of the stories which lives there, and which we may tell because it is the briefest, rather than the best, speaks of a Lord Annesley who quarrelled at the church-door with the bride he was about to marry. He thereupon turned to the prettiest of the bridesmaids, and after an interchange of a few words they sacrificed the bride between them, by agreeing to marry each other as soon as they could procure a licence; and were so married, accordingly! This, however, was an Annesley eccentricity. For samples of Annesley romance, the curious inquirer has only to read the case of the contested Annesley peerage, with all its bearings, consequences, and social and anti-social illustrations. There is no romance of the peerage that approaches it in intensity of interest and abundance of improbability.

Of romance in private life of lower quality, too, there is no lack. The traveller who passes by Lough Allen towards Cavan, passes a very humble cottage, whose still more humble tenant is, or was, exceedingly proud of one thing in this world, the son who became the well-skilled surgeon to a crack cavalry regiment. At Mallow, whose Rakes are as silent, and assembly rooms as tenantless, as is the case with the once gay people and the Spa rooms at Drumsna, they show you the poor house whence went into the world "Murphy, the mathematician." In a shoe-maker's shop, near the waterside, at Limerick, once sang the most brilliant and melancholy of Erin's songstresses, poor Catherine Hayes; and from a home as humble, in a central town, sprang that lively Irish peeress of whom many have heard, whom some have seen, and whom others may remember as Lady Blessington, and how, on the arm of Count D'Orsay, she used to enter her box at the Opera, and look round the house with an air of "We don't in the least care what you think about it!"

Of contrasts, there is enough and to spare over the whole extent of the land. The traveller's pity may be excited, on some dull evening at the end of autumn, to see a file of miserable-looking men shuffling hurriedly along the gloomy road. They look almost too bad for scarecrows; but there is not a man among them who has not from three to five sovereigns in his pocket, earned by summer field-work in England. Again, the wayfarer may find shelter from a hurricane in the most unlovely of huts. The flooring may be the original clay, but over the bed in the corner may be a coverlet fit for a prince—relic of foreign loot brought home by

husband, son, or brother. Of folk-lore there is an abundance all over the land. The observation that "kissing and the furze-bloom are never out of season," the latter being always in blossom, is an old Irish "saw" that has been exported. If the crows linger late about a field at night, old and young take it as a token of a goodly day to-morrow. If you do not take off your hat to a magpie, you will soon hear of a death. If the corpse of a recently deceased person does not speedily stiffen, it is a sign that there will soon be a second death in the same family. There is a tradition, too, that in old times they used to tie together the two great toes of a dead man to prevent his walking! and at funerals, a loop was passed over the great toe of the deceased, and a string, connected with the loop, ran through a hole at the opposite end of the coffin, and was held by the chief mourner, that he might be in communication with the defunct till the living and the dead parted at the grave! As regards folk-lore and national customs, however, the tourist must be upon his guard. To hoax a traveller on these points is the dear delight of the native; and the simplicity and fluency with which the latter can deal in "nabochlish" and "blatherumskaite" are strong enough and, apparently, candid enough to throw any moderately credulous Saxon off his guard.

They who have seen nothing more of Ireland than the country from Dublin to Killarney, must confess that it abounds in variety. Pretty well all the general features of the land,—plain and mountain, ruined castle, round tower and abbey,—the prosperity of to-day and the splendour and havoc of the past,—are to be seen along that line. Extreme contrasts prevail everywhere; and the traveller will find none more striking than that which presents itself between the bustling capital and that Irish Palmyra, Kilmallock, which was strong and flourishing under the Desmonds, and which now is as gaunt, grisly, dead and powerless as they. To a mere reader, this volume will be a new revelation of Irish history, and Irish places, persons and things generally. It well deserves a corner in every library; and it is indispensable for the conveying, guiding, amusing, instructing, and rendering complete satisfaction to every traveller.

Does that traveller prefer wending Northward? He will find as perfect a guide and enlightener in the 'Handbook to Durham and Northumberland.' As far as our own experience enables us to test this volume, we find it without fault. Nothing is narrated in the dry, old guide-book fashion. In every locality in the North there is a peculiar spirit, and the theme is treated by a willing and adequate hand. The public will find in this book a volume of travels, of history, of social manners, legend, romance and reality, all in one. There is scarcely a page which does not sparkle with anecdotes of the old days, and word-pictures of romantic places. Infinite is the variety, from the whitening breakers on Dunstanborough's caverned shore to the modern whitewash which has profanely smeared out, in their own chapel too, the genealogy of the Ogles. Does a reader ask "who were the Ogles?" It will suffice for us to reply that, in the sixteenth century, a man was killed in Morpeth high street, for saying that the blood of the Dacres was as good as that of the Ogles!

What a step downwards, in every sense, from the grand old North into the abyss of Baden-Baden, which Mr. Fitzgerald has described in a pleasant book, that has less of the echoes of Sterne about it, as one might have expected, than of Carlyle. Tourists will find Mr. Fitzgerald's book useful in keeping them away

from the place, or in guiding them during their sojourn. Nature has made the country a paradise. The German Grand-Duke, for the sake of filthy lucre, has made of the town a "Hell." There congregate, no doubt, some excellent men and virtuous women, unimpeachable gentlemen and immaculate ladies; but there, too, is to be found all the high rascality of the world in clean linen, and universal hussidom in crinoline. "Hæc auratæ cyclade verit humum." The series of scenes here to be witnessed is excellently hit off by Mr. Fitzgerald, over whose book an hour may be spent with some satisfaction and a little shuddering. In one respect however, Mr. Fitzgerald's description of the place is not quite corroborated by that given in our "Musical Gossip."

Taken altogether, and if a man be "in a concatenation accordingly," he had better eschew Baden-Baden, its fantastic horrors, brazen vices, impudent offences, hideous crimes, and even the harmless eccentricities and the pennyworth of innocence that accompanies the sackful of iniquity. Even the country around, which alone is as God made it, he would do well to leave. If he have a mind for the sober pleasure of angling, a hand and eye for the healthier pastime, let him betake himself to any one of the promising streams, from the Coquet down to any purling brook that this arid summer may have left. Then, let him take Mr. Westwood's book with him to increase his evening comfort when he doth take his ease at his inn. It is not an Angler's Guide, to point out favourite spots and teach him how to disport himself successfully, but an "angler's delight," a gossiping essay on the various editions of the brightest book in angling literature, executed with the frankness of a brother of the pleasant craft, the perception of an artist, the feeling of a poet, the tone of a gentleman, and the allusions and illustrations that bespeak the scholar. But then, the author has sat in the school of the prophets, for albeit he is yet of the "young men," he belonged to the Enfield brotherhood of Charles Lamb. In his boyhood, he was of Lamb's friends and had unlimited access to Lamb's books, but he was "not much taller at the time than the tallest folio" in Lamb's library, and if he listened to the glorious talk of those who gathered around his friends Barry Cornwall and Coleridge, Hazlitt, Hood and Leigh Hunt, Wilson and Wordsworth,—it was at the feet of his Enfield Gamaliel, "a boyish but reverent disciple." *Virgilium tantum vidi!*

It is well known that Lamb himself was no angler, but he was "a lover of angling books," and Mr. Westwood read from Lamb's copy of the 'Compleat Angler,' and learned the charm and the mystery of Halieutics, "perched on the forked branch of an ancient apple-tree in the little overgrown orchard, and at an elevation from which I could almost catch a glimpse of the marshy levels of the Lea." Of the copy and the owner, Mr. Westwood says—"I well remember his relating to me, as he paced to and fro, a quaint, scholastic figure, under the apple-tree aforesaid, how he had pounced upon his early copy in some ramshackled repository of marine stores, and how grievous had been his disappointment in finding that its unlikely owner knew as much of its mercantile value as himself." The lad who enjoyed such a book and such company, naturally turned to angling and the love of angling literature. In the practice of the first he is a known proficient, in the knowledge of the second a great authority. With him, it is clear that a good angler must necessarily be a good man. That old theory of the last century sage, who defined angling as "a stick and a string, with a worm at one end and a fool at the other," the saying of a man

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who knew not the difference between a bleak and a bottom rod, must be flat blasphemy in the eyes of one who finds a close connexion between angling and religion, science, poetry, and philosophy. And we might add to these, that brook-side wanderings may be intimately connected with other pleasant things of heaven and earth, or wherefore did the poet-angler write—

Midway, adown the isle, methinks I see
That tallest willow, in whose shade, one day,
We sat,—thou rapt in some great poet's lay,
I, bending o'er my angle, silently.

A happy face was Earth's, that autumn morn!

And thou and I communing, without speech,
Knew all its sweetness filled the heart of each.—?

The quietest of books on the calmest of subjects was published in the most stirring and most noisy of years, the first year of Cromwell's sole rule, 1653, just before Monk thundered defeat against Van Tromp off that North Foreland, about which so many vacation-tourists are now making holiday. The 'Perfect Diurnale,' in the second week of May, had this advertisement: "The Compleat Angler; or, the Contemplative Man's Recreation, being a Discourse on Fish and Fishing, not unworthy the Perusal of most Anglers; of 18 pence price. Written by Iz. Wa. Also, the known play of the Spanish Gipsey, never till now published. Both printed for Richard Marriot. To be sold at his Shop in Dunstan's Church Yard, Fleet Street." Of the first book thus announced, fifty-three editions have appeared in the two hundred and odd years that have elapsed; and these editions are here chronicled and commented on in a way that will not let the weariest angler nod as he reads text and note, at night, in his inn parlour. The other book advertised by Marriot has not had an equal success; yet it has not died out. The 'Spanish Gipsey' is the well 'known play' of Middleton and Rowley, with the charming Preciosa of Cervantes for its heroine. And the same play, under the name of 'Preciosa,' was turned into an operatic drama, in 1825, for which Weber supplied the music. Of all who played or sang in it, only one survives, John Cooper.

To show how the anglers belong now rather to world-wide travellers than merely European tourists, we cite the following from Mr. Westwood's pages:—

"Mr. H. R. Francis, in his clever Cambridge Essay, entitled the 'The Fly Fisher and his Library,' recommends the association of a collection of angling-books with the plant of every angling club in the kingdom, a motion which we second most cordially, recommending it in particular to the adoption of the 'Walton and Cotton Club,' on which body corporate, from its more metropolitan position, would seem to devolve the right of initiative. By way of amendment we would suggest that such libraries should be cosmopolite in their character, and not exclusively British, as collections of the kind have hitherto been. So long as the English angler plied his craft within his insular limits alone, his farthest falling line reaching beyond John o' Groat's house on the one hand, and the Land's End on the other, it was natural he should be indifferent as to what foreign professors might have to say of his sport. But now that he may cry with Ulysses,

I have become a name,
For always roaming with a hungry heart—

now that *Ultima Thule* knows the ripple of his fly on its boreal waters—that the banks of Pyrenean streams keep the track of his footprints—that Superior and Erie and Ontario have yielded to his skill their gigantic broods—that India and Africa have paid him tribute, and that, at last, even Australian rivers are likely to be peopled by his instrumentality—now, in short, that he has 'whipped all creation,' though not in the bellicose American sense, surely it is time that his library doors should be opened to the contributions of other lands and other

languages. These contributions, as far as our inquiry has gone, form barely one-third of the whole, and are distributed thus: America supplies fourteen works, Denmark two, Holland nineteen, France ninety-five, Germany a hundred and fourteen, Italy twenty-three, Norway one, Spain four, and Sweden five. While on the other hand the United Kingdom yields, for its quota, six hundred and four, proving, if indeed such proof were needed, how far more deeply than elsewhere both the sport and its literature have taken root among us."

Dear to all anglers is the pastoral, sedgy Lea, of which Mr. Westwood knows "every bend, and tumbling bay and pool"; he adds:—

"Many are the years since we trod those familiar paths, and many the waters we have fished since then. Now, all things are changed. Our feet brush the Ardennes heather as we hurry to our sport, and instead of the level lowlands, we have red, precipitous walls of rock, thick forests, and a tossing and foaming mountain river. We fill our creel fuller than we ever filled it of yore, but we are faithful to the old love still, and were the choice given us, far rather would we be catching 'logger-headed chub,' in that Lea-water of our youth, than the most speckled of trout, or silver-sided of salmon, in other, though immemorably famous streams."

This brings us home again, and we have only to add, that, if the angler goes to the Coquet, Mr. Murray's 'Handbook for Durham and Northumberland' must of necessity go with him. By the banks of the northern waters will be found nymphs as fair as any sirens that may share the stream with its bright-scaled denizens. But the Coquet beats all the rest for thrifty maids as well as silver fish. The coaly Tyne, the oozy Team, the sedgy Pont, the wooded Derwent, are all celebrated; but "Coquet bangs them all!" And there is some difference among the lasses, too, for,—

The lasses of Tyne, who fearlessly shine,
Are mirrors of modesty too;
But the lasses of Coquet put all in their pocket,—
Go then to Coquet, and woo!

Private Law among the Romans. From the Pandects. By John George Phillimore, Q.C. (Macmillan & Co.)

Mr. Phillimore has done good service towards the study of jurisprudence in this country by the production of this volume. We find in it the vigour of style, the uncompromising hostility to legal abuses and chicanery, the patriotic fervour for all that is good and right, which distinguished his 'Introduction to the Study and History of the Roman Law,' published in 1848.

Mr. Phillimore says well, that a familiarity with the splendid system of Roman jurisprudence, by the study of which such jurists as Cujas, Pothier and Montesquieu were formed, is as well calculated to educate and elevate the juristic faculty of the lawyer, as the study of Homer and Euripides, of Cicero, Virgil, Dante, Shakespeare and Bossuet is to advance the general student in appreciating all that is noble and elevated in literature and thought. The Pandects are, and probably will ever remain, the classics, *par excellence*, of legal literature. Leibnitz was accustomed to say that, of all the products of the human intellect, the writings of the Roman jurists approached the nearest to the force and accuracy of reasoning of mathematics. Nor has Melancthon written less enthusiastically of the value of the study of that wonderful repertory of logic and reason—the Pandects. And, as Mr. Phillimore says, all writers whose opinions are entitled to any weight have agreed to recommend the study of the Roman Law, not only as an admirable preparation for the duties of civil life, but as an inexhaustible mine of luminous argument, masculine sense,

and uncorrupted equity. Indeed, when we consider that, for about five hundred years before Justinian, law was the only sure ladder to arrive at distinction,—that all poetry and philosophy were well-nigh dead,—that no other liberal or national pursuit was left to pursue, and that, for so many centuries, all the greatest intellects of the civilized world were employed in bringing Roman jurisprudence to unity and perfection, we can hardly overrate the importance of the great body of Roman law thus produced. A new conception of the worth of Roman law from this point of view may be formed by imagining what might have been the result if all the Newtons, Lockes, Bacons and Miltons among ourselves had been for five centuries solely employed in constructing a system of law adapted to the wants of society, and that without being restricted or hampered by that enforced and servile attachment to technicalities and precedent which has done so much to dwarf and deform the growth of legal science with ourselves.

How different was the spirit with which Roman lawyers proceeded to solve juristic difficulties from that in vogue among ourselves! "To know the laws," says Celsus, "is not to be master of their words but of their spirit and power." But it is in the interpretation of wills especially that the human and rational character of Roman law shines forth pre-eminently; there is, indeed, no sadder chapter of our own system than that which is gathered into our books of equity from the reports of cases upon wills. The absurd decisions to which men who have passed their whole lives in the law courts have come from time to time in testamentary matters, and which have caused endless misery, besides forming ruinous precedents for all time, would be incredible, did one hear them actually pronounced, and see them printed on authority. By a set of arbitrary rules and precedents the testator has generally been made to dispose of his property in a directly contrary way to that in which he desired to dispose of it. Thus, in the case of a testatrix who devised all her "monies" to a niece, to whom she was indebted for the devotion of a life, and who had a few shillings of ready money in the house, the word "monies" was held not to mean "money in the funds," but only such as she had in the house. A father, believing himself on the point of death, made a will, leaving his lands to his posthumous child, if his wife should give birth to such child; but if no such child should be born, to his nephew. The child was born before the testator died, and five Judges decided that the father by the will had disinherited his own son. The cant phrase by which such perversion of justice is usually justified is that the Judges cannot "make" a will for the testator: as if by means of their arbitrary rules they did not make the will of the testator for the most part quite a different one from that which he intended! Another of the rules by which such perversions of justice are perpetuated, is the absurd fiction that the testator was fully acquainted with all the legal significations which the Courts have arbitrarily affixed to whatever words he has employed, and not the least of them is the exclusion of evidence to show what were the intentions of the testator. On these points Mr. Phillimore himself may be heard to speak:—

"Fruitful as every other head of our jurisprudence is in shocking absurdities, I do not know that (the rank and impudent evils of special pleading always excepted) there is any department of law even among us in which more fantastic tricks have been played, more wanton caprice exhibited, more cruel and systematic injustice inflicted by our

tribunals, or in which we have more fully deserved Virgil's description—

Penitus toto divisos orbe Britannos

from sense and knowledge, than in the construction of wills. I do not allude to any living person, but it is no exaggeration to say that if every decision on a disputed will had been the reverse of what it is, society on the whole would have been gainers, and the intention of the testator more frequently fulfilled than it has been. If the object was to make the fortune of attorneys, nothing could be wiser than the decisions of English judges, or the system on which they were founded. For they first annexed to plain and ordinary words a meaning totally abhorrent from their usual signification, and they then applied that artificial meaning to the language of wills made without legal assistance, although at the very time when they pronounced the interpretation reducing the child to beggary, and missing the much-loved person for whom the testator intended to provide, with a grave pedantry unknown to any other country, they declared that they perfectly well knew the meaning to be altogether different from that which they judicially declared it to be. Far from taking into consideration the circumstances of the testator, as for instance whether he could or did obtain legal advice, the position of his estates, the expressions familiar to him, which the Roman Law enforces upon the judges' consideration, they carefully and elaborately stopped up all these avenues to truth; or if they sometimes deviated so far into a track of reason as to admit portions of such material evidence, it was done in a fashion so thoroughly empirical, such care was taken to deprecate any notion of deciding the case on principle, such anxiety was displayed to guard against the possibility of any benefit to society by a breach on the Chinese wall of prejudice and folly, such doubts were raised, and such alarm expressed by subsequent judges at the attempt, that reason lost more than she gained by the innovation. The maxim of the Roman jurist was, '*nihil tam conveniens naturali aequitati quam voluntatem domini volentis rem suam in alium transferri, ratam habere*;' and the rule laid down by him as the basis of rational interpretation is the direct reverse of that which has dictated so many cruel decisions in this country, '*nemo existimandus est dixisse quod non mente agitaverit*.'

Again, on the interpretation of wills:—

"The first rule then is, '*ut res magis valeat quam pereat*;' another is, '*benignior sententia preferenda*.' Another, the rule so ostentatiously violated in our courts, to consider what it is probable (in a case of doubt, it must be remembered) the testator meant. Another his habit of speech—the propriety of language and conduct, as '*Si numerus nummorum legatus est neque appareat quales sunt legati, ante omnia ipsius patris familias consuetudo, deinde regionis in qua versatus est exquirenda est, sed et mens patris familie, et legatarii caritas vel dignitas et necessitudo*,' &c. And where there was an uncertainty as to the person: '*Testatoris voluntas si quibusdam argumentis apparebit de quo dixit, adimplenda est*.'"

The same admirable exercise of logic and principle is to be found in all that relates to "Servitudes," known in our law as "easements," which is one of the most fruitful topics of Roman law. It has, indeed, been said, that if Reason could speak she would use the language of the Pandects; whereas, Mr. Phillimore says, if learned Folly could speak she would use the jargon of Coke; a classical quotation in whose hands, he says, is like the famous Burgundian diamond picked up at Nancy by a Swiss boor. The great failing of the English lawyer has been to reduce himself down to what Cicero styles a mere *cantor formularum* and *syllabarum auctoris*, and that he has made it his chief study to excel, not in modes of argument and analogy calculated to further the broad aims of justice, but in captious, subtle and refined distinctions, which have often upset the very purposes of legislation. The most flagrant example of such perverted ingenuity is the famous decision which upset the Statute of Uses, and made our

system of real property law infinitely more involved and obnoxious than if that statute had never been passed. To drive a coach-and-four through an act of Parliament is, we know, a crowning triumph of legal ingenuity: whereas with the Roman lawyer the "*ratio legis*" was always his main guide in interpretation. And in one famous case, where the letter of the law was plainly in conflict with its spirit, the celebrated lawyers Scaevola, Paulus and Ulpian did not scruple to make such provisions as rendered the law consistent with itself; for, said they, speaking of the opposite opinion, "*Etsi maxime verba legis hunc habeant intellectum tamen mens legislatoris aliud vult*." Another cause of the excellence of Roman law and of the high morality with which we find it imbued was that the Roman jurists entered on their career with the expectation, not of earning money, but of gaining honour and position. Some of the maxims with which their decisions are interspersed are of as high morality as is to be found in the whole range of literature, of which this from Papinian is a sample—"Beneficio affici hominem intersit hominis." Many of these maxims were indeed borrowed from the Stoic philosophy, of which the great Roman lawyers were professed disciples during the golden period of Roman jurisprudence.

It is impossible to read anything which comes from Mr. Phillimore's hands without being struck by the impassioned love of justice and of country which characterizes his writings; it were to be desired, however, that he had employed a less aggressive form in giving the results of his studies to the public, and that he had not allowed the *seva indignatio* of his heart at the fleeting wrongs of time to have such mastery over him. More compression, both in style and manner, is required to do justice to the solid worth which he possesses.

His style is remarkable for its general vigour and energy, but it is often loose, and shows not infrequent traces of inattention and haste, which must operate very unfavourably with those—and they must be numerous—who are prejudiced against the very uncompromising zeal with which he puts forward his opinions. Nevertheless, the work is one which should be in the hands of every student.

Explorations in Australia. The Journals of John M'Donall Stuart during the Years 1853, 1859, 1860, 1861 and 1862, when he fixed the Centre of the Continent and successfully crossed it from Sea to Sea. Edited from Mr. Stuart's MS., by William Hardman, M.A. (Saunders, Otley & Co.)

If geographical discoveries proceed at the present rate the whole globe will soon be explored, and our grandchildren have nothing left but to fill up the grand outlines we have traced out. The mystery of the Nile is solved, or all but solved; Timbuctoo is no longer a semi-fabulous town; the gates of Mecca, Medina and all the other sacred cities have been entered; Thibet and Cashmere have been mapped and photographed; the Fijis have been turned into fields for European colonization; China and Japan have admitted the once-hated foreigners into the very heart of their empires; the continents of Africa and Australia have been crossed; the North Pole has been reached within a few degrees; the existence of an Antarctic Continent has been ascertained; and the North-West Passage, that problem of ages, was successfully solved when Capt. Pim, coming from the eastern side of Arctic America, rescued Maclure's party coming from the west.

The continent of Australia had hitherto defied all attempts to cross it from sea to sea

until within the last few years, when two have been successful, though one of them, that of Burke and Wills, was accompanied by an amount of tragic horror only equalled by that which Franklin's party must have endured when sinking one by one into their icy graves. What scenes more stirring could the sensation-novelist conceive than the simple story of the starving Australian explorers, trying to eke out their existence by handfuls of nardoo seeds which they had hardly strength left to gather! What disappointment could there be more keen than to crawl almost to the outpost which was to afford relief, and then find it had been deserted just a day previously! The tale of Australian explorations is not a cheerful one, even when the task set is accomplished; and the present narrative is no exception. It is an endless repetition of facts familiar to all who have put a foot on the Australian continent, or read a single work devoted to its exploration. There is the same dry vegetation, with its evergreens—or rather ever-brownish-green leaves, the shadeless forest, the scrub, the stony desert, and the boggy ground, want of water and deluges of rain, inundations, and hot winds sending the thermometer up to 127° in the shade, brutish natives, armed with spears and boomerangs, occasionally friendly, but more generally hostile, and now and then fertile pasture-land abounding in game, and scenery called rich here, but tame in other parts of the world.

Mr. Stuart enjoys a well-merited reputation as one of the leading explorers of Australia. He gained his first experience under Capt. Sturt, whose expedition he accompanied as draughtsman. The Journals now before us are devoted to his own explorations, commencing in 1858, ending in 1862, and embracing five distinct journeys. The funds for these extensive explorations were chiefly, almost entirely, supplied by two friends of the explorers, Messrs. Chambers and Finke, both now dead, and only one of whom, Mr. Finke, had the satisfaction of seeing Mr. Stuart safely return to Adelaide from the Indian Ocean. We commend the public spirit which prompted these gentlemen to come forward year after year in support of so enterprising a traveller, and South Australia may well be proud of them. We are aware that they are not solitary instances in this respect, and that other colonies besides South Australia have shown a noble generosity towards their explorers. We do not know much, nor do we wish to know more, of the little jealousies and rivalries existing in that part of the world about these expeditions,—how one colony tries to cut out the other, and never losing sight of the question of what will be said at home about their doings. We see only a laudable emulation in the whole movement, and are glad Australian ambition has found so legitimate a field.

Mr. Stuart's first expedition was directed to the north-west, his second and third to Lake Torrens, his fourth to the very centre of the Australian continent, his fifth to the north, and his sixth right across the continent. Other explorers had merely seen the rise and fall of the tide in rivers, boggy ground and swamps intervening, and cutting off all chance of ever seeing the sea; but Mr. Stuart actually stood on its shore and washed his hands in its waters. Imagine the delight of the explorer when, on the 24th of July, 1862, he had at last reached the shores of the Indian Ocean!

"At eight miles and a half came upon a broad valley of black alluvial soil, covered with long grass; from this I can hear the wash of the sea. On the other side of the valley, which is rather more than a quarter of a mile wide, is growing a

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line of thick heavy bushes, very dense, showing that to be the boundary of the beach. Crossed the valley, and entered the scrub, which was a complete network of vines. Stopped the horses to clear a way, whilst I advanced a few yards on to the beach, and was gratified and delighted to behold the water of the Indian Ocean in Van Diemen Gulf, before the party with the horses knew anything of its proximity. Thring, who rode in advance of me, called out 'The Sea!' which so took them all by surprise, and they were so astonished, that he had to repeat the call before they fully understood what was meant. Then they immediately gave three long and hearty cheers. The beach is covered with a soft blue mud. It being ebb tide, I could see some distance; found it would be impossible for me to take the horses along it; I therefore kept them where I had halted them, and allowed half the party to come on to the beach and gratify themselves by a sight of the sea, while the other half remained to watch the horses until their return. I dipped my feet, and washed my face and hands in the sea, as I promised the late Governor Sir Richard McDonnell I would do if I reached it. The mud has nearly covered all the shells; we got a few, however. I could see no seaweed. There is a point of land some distance off, bearing 70°. After all the party had had some time on the beach, at which they were much pleased and gratified, they collected a few shells; I returned to the valley, where I had my initials (J.M.D.S.) cut on a large tree, as I did not intend to put up my flag until I arrived at the mouth of the Adelaide.

On the following day he had an open place cleared, and, selecting one of the tallest trees, stripped it of its lower branches, and on its highest branch fixed the Union Jack with his name in the centre of it:—

"When this was completed, the party gave three cheers, and Mr. Kekwick then addressed me, congratulating me on having completed this great and important undertaking, to which I replied. Mr. Waterhouse also spoke a few words on the same subject, and concluded with three cheers for the Queen and three for the Prince of Wales. At one foot south from the foot of the tree is buried, about eight inches below the ground, an air-tight tin case, in which is a paper with the following notice:—

'South Australian Great Northern Exploring Expedition.

'The exploring party, under the command of John McDouall Stuart, arrived at this spot on the 25th day of July, 1862, having crossed the entire Continent of Australia from the Southern to the Indian Ocean, passing through the centre. They left the City of Adelaide on the 26th day of October, 1861, and the most northern station of the colony on 21st day of January, 1862. To commemorate this happy event, they have raised this flag bearing his name. All well. God save the Queen! (Here follow the signatures of myself and party.) As this bay has not been named, I have taken this opportunity of naming it 'Chambers Bay,' in honour of Miss Chambers, who kindly presented me with the flag which I have planted this day, and I hope this may be the first sign of the dawn of approaching civilization. Exactly this day nine months the party left North Adelaide. Before leaving, between the hours of eleven and twelve o'clock, they had lunch at Mr. Chambers' house; John Bentham Neale, Esq., being present, proposed success to me, and wished I might plant the flag on the north-west coast. At the same hour of the day, nine months after, the flag was raised on the shores of Chambers Bay, Van Diemen Gulf."

On the 18th of December, 1862, Mr. Stuart reported his safe return to Adelaide to the Governor-in-Chief. A hearty welcome from his townsmen awaited him, the Government of South Australia voting the sum of 3,500*l.* as a reward to him and his party, 2,000*l.* of which fell to his own share, whilst the Royal Geographical Society of London awarded him their gold medal and presented him with a gold watch.

The volume Mr. Hardman has edited consists of a reprint of the official journals of Mr. Stuart, all of which have already been before the public, prefaced by a very interesting introduction, and followed by an appendix containing lists of some of the birds and plants collected. We cannot expect a man who daily carries his life in his hands to devote much attention to the style of his rough journals, and scientific men will prefer such untouched records to any more polished accounts which may be presented to them. It was, therefore, both proper and desirable that the official report should be laid before the public almost as it was written. But the general reader cannot be expected to wade through these rough jottings; and few of that class who take up this book will be inclined to read it through. In order to make these valuable narratives of six different journeys presentable to the general reader they should have been re-written and compressed; but all Mr. Hardman has done is to write his preface and send the reports published in Australia to the London printer. There do not seem to be even verbal alterations. We happen to have by us the report of the last journey, brought out by Baillière, of Melbourne, and do not find any alteration or correction. For Mr. Stuart's sake we regret having to make this complaint.

Speeches, Lectures and Letters. By Wendell Phillips. (Boston, U.S., Walker, Wise & Co.)

No expression of popular taste is more strongly characteristic of our American cousins than the patronage which they lavish on orators by profession. In their usages, pointing to the wide difference which time and circumstance have wrought between ourselves and the descendants of our colonists, nothing is more significant than their steady support of lecturers. In the United States, talk asserts itself. It is pastime, business, high art, intellectual recreation, religious exercise. What churches and theatres, libraries and museums are in Europe, the lecture-room, pure, undefiled, and unaided by brass band or scenic effects, is in America. The fact is more observable in New York than in New Orleans, but Buncombe is omnipotent in South as well as North. The free and enlightened citizens of New England and the Old Dominion elect their statesmen, mend their manners, hear the news, plan laws, worship God, and take stock of all creation beneath the roofs of lecture-halls, and at the dictation of speakers, most of whom are paid by their auditors in dollars as well as applause. The popular custom has influenced current language. "To take a particular platform" is better English in America than "to uphold definite opinion" is in England. It might reasonably be thought that so highly civilized a people, delighting in oratory, would set aside a few select professors of the art, and be content to sit speechless all their days, drinking in the musical eloquence of their favourite artists. At home, we usually find that great speakers are poor listeners; that men, who have a taste for holding forth to others, become restless and irritable when they are required to hold their peace and be delighted auditors. No member of a congregation is more likely than a popular preacher, "off duty," to fidget, bite his nails, yawn, stretch, or otherwise misconduct himself during the sermon. But in the wonderful land that lies on the other side of the Atlantic the case is far otherwise. There every one talks, and every one in turn is ready to listen, or, at least, to make appearance of listening. At New York, in Fifth Avenue, and in the more fastidious cliques of other great

cities, there is just now observable a transient affectation of contempt for spouting and spouters. Good society sets its face against after-dinner speeches; and gentlemen who have raised themselves by stump to political eminence, laugh at their electioneering orations as mere devices for wheedling themselves into the confidence of the mob. This droll humour, however, is but the tone of "a set," at most of a small and supercilious class; and it in no degree influences the feeling or action of the people at large. High and low, from the cradle to the grave, they delight in talking to assemblies and in giving ear to those who are addressing congregations of listeners. Noisy urchins in academics, young men at college, pour forth their utterances on questions of politics and morals as naturally as lads on this side the great ocean expend their energies on cricket, boating and football. The women are scarcely less loquacious, and if they are somewhat less conspicuous in public debates, the fact is due less to feminine reserve than to masculine intolerance of female advocacy. Every town has its discussion-hall, where, throughout the year, itinerant speakers,—demi-gogues, preachers, humorous tub-thumpers, retailers of gossip, and declaimers against social grievances,—deliver their opinions to crowded benches. To say that the audiences are altogether uncritical, would be unjust. They have a taste, and are not slow to applaud the artist who can tickle it. Volubility, smartness, a high-pitched voice, a turn for vivacious personality, and unscrupulous recklessness of assertion are qualities which they hold in high esteem; but with perfect good-humour they accept whatever oratory comes in their way, and if they cannot get speakers of the first class at the highest rate of pecuniary remuneration, they are quite content to listen to inferior performers, who shout away for three hours, for a smaller number of dollars.

We of the old country are prone to sneer at this popular taste of the Americans as a morbid appetite for Buncombe. Though we are not quite so morose and taciturn as Continental satirists would make the world believe us to be, and though we are not altogether incapable of generous emotion, there can be no doubt that, as a people, we are, and ever have been, slow of speech. A score of time-honoured adages attest our scornful repugnance for mere loquacity, our contempt for men who talk for the mere sake of talking. No charge, however, of vain-glorious boastfulness can be preferred against us when we say that, in the history of our Senate, we can point to a succession of orators who have not been surpassed by the most brilliant speakers of any modern nation; and, though it is the fashion of the time to mourn over the decay of British eloquence, and to assert that our best living speakers at the Bar and in Parliament are degenerate descendants of Burke and Erskine, we can point with reasonable pride to a few public men who, by flow of words, can command the unbroken attention of critical assemblies from an early hour of night till break of dawn. But no less true is it that our really powerful speakers can be counted on the fingers, and that of mere average second-rate talkers we have but a small supply, whilst of that fluent lecture-room eloquence in which the United States abound we must acknowledge an almost total absence. To the genius of the nation must be attributed the credit or disgrace of this lack of lecture-room oratory. We are a sternly practical people in all that relates to the use of the tongue. If we think a man has "something to say," we greet him with courtesy and show him a large amount of patience. For hesitation, inadequacy of description, want of tact, poverty of diction,

we have a noble toleration, so long as there are grounds for thinking that the talker possesses some special knowledge which he will surrender, if he be only allowed to take his own time and way. But directly a suspicion arises that the man is a mere wind-bag, talking to no useful end, and wasting his hearers' time for the gratification of his own personal vanity, we give reins to honest indignation, and with unmistakable frankness tell him to be silent. Bad sermons we endure for the sake of our old institutions and the lower orders, whose respect for spiritual pastors and masters ought not to be trifled with; but for a pointless, bootless speech we have no patience. Mere loquacity, however glib and rhythmical it may be, is not enough to satisfy us. If an Englishman wishes to succeed as a public speaker, he knows that command of facts is more necessary for the attainment of his ambition than command of words, and before he expends labour on acquiring oratorical arts, he endeavours by patient study and liberal meditation, to master subjects about which there is a demand for instruction. It is not till he has honestly worked out a problem, that he prepares to lay its solution before the public. He first settles in his own mind what it is that he wishes to say, and then he asks himself how he can best say it. The maiden speeches of some of our most conspicuous debaters have been egregious failures, and in almost every instance the failure was a consequence of inexperience, not of solid information, and altogether due to want of practice in the tricks and mechanical devices of oratory, and in no degree to absence of definite convictions or sound thought. "It is in me, and by Heavens it shall come out of me," was the exclamation of Sheridan when he was smarting under the sense of humiliation caused by an unsuccessful attempt to win the ear of the House; and his words have been often repeated by aspirants to forensic renown who find unexpected difficulty in putting forth that which is in their minds.

Wide is the difference between America and the old country in this respect. Whilst with us the rule is "Substance first, and then Form," the talkers of the United States seek form first, and make substance an affair of quite secondary consideration. An easy utterance, a lively verbosity, a knack of stinging invective, and a command of that piquant ridicule which never fails to put the uneducated into good humour, are the accomplishments at which they aim, the weapons with which they arm themselves for the fight. Thus equipped, they spring to their legs, and are ready to talk down their own President—or any other man. Much of this habit may doubtless be attributed to democratic institutions, which, by placing a preponderance of political power in the hands of comparatively ignorant crowds, compels public men to speak for the delight of the untaught, rather than for the benefit of the enlightened. But the entire question cannot be thus easily disposed of. Democratic institutions would satisfactorily account for the existence of a numerous class of political spouters, and for the low tone of congress oratory; but it is not clear how the pleasure taken by Americans of every class in listening to bad speeches can be set down to the same cause.

At the present time Mr. Wendell Phillips is the most popular lecturer in the Northern States. He is no new man. For more than a quarter of a century he has been before the public, spouting about the Rights of Woman and the Wrongs of the Slave. There are always persons ready to hint that an eminent teacher is no more than a charlatan; and Mr. Phillips's detractors are sometimes heard to assert that

he has made his game out of the Abolition movement. No one, however, questions that he may be regarded as the leader of his profession, the most successful stump orator at this present time giving tongue in the United States. An announcement that he will, at a certain time and place, state his views on compulsory labour, the character of President Lincoln, the future of the American woman, or the right inherent in the Yankees to subjugate the South, is sure to gather thousands. To his more enthusiastic upholders he is priest, prophet, king; and even those who differ from him in opinion allow that he is an "eternal smart man." One of his lukewarm admirers recently observed to us—"It isn't what he says, but the way in which he says it, that takes away your breath. He'd tickle a tortoise into good manners, I guess. He doesn't worry a man by giving him too much to think about, and yet somehow or other he never sits down without having made you wish to put a bullet into somebody." A speaker capable of exercising so salutary an influence on his hearers may reasonably be regarded as a man of mark. Though he might not hit the taste of Exeter Hall, or achieve position in the British House of Commons, he is a power in his own land, and, as a feature of American society, worthy of observation. A more notable collection of addresses than these present specimens of Mr. Phillips's peculiar gifts we have not perused for many a day. Speeches more unlike the patient, conscientious, carefully elaborated orations of English statesmen it would be difficult to imagine. Practical in a certain way, they unquestionably are, for they achieve their object in making the excitable hearer wish to put a bullet into somebody; but harangues more devoid of that sound quality to which utilitarian Englishmen apply the word *practical* were never uttered from a platform. It never seems to strike the American elocutionist that it is requisite or desirable that he should state the particular end he has in view, comparing the permanent good which he wishes to achieve, by an innovation, with the transient inconvenience which may attend upon reform. To arrange with lucidity and logical care the arguments in favour of a proposed change, to remove groundless fears by calm calculation, and to meet the objections of adversaries with candour and respect, are the steps by which a public speaker in this country endeavours to win victory in discussion. The Wendell Phillips process is widely different. For instance, in his speech on "Woman's Rights" he makes no attempt to estimate the good that would flow from investing women with political privileges, and never stays to inquire whether any possible good, which might result from the measure in the shape of law reform, could not be more satisfactorily accomplished by the existing staff of male legislators than by a congress composed equally of men and women. Reproducing, with sentimental variations, the old revolutionary dogma that representation should precede taxation, Mr. Phillips exclaims against the injustice of society in taxing women without allowing them parliamentary representation. That, in the opinion of most thoughtful men, the interests of women are quite as fully represented in existing parliaments as the interests of the sterner sex; that, in modern society, the interests of the sexes are in point of fact identical; that cultivated women, far from deeming themselves victims of oppression because they are not allowed to sit in parliament, are well content with their state of political disqualification; and that, to confer electoral privileges on women, on the assumption that their interests are at variance with those of their husbands, fathers, brothers,

would be to sow throughout society the seeds of domestic strife,—are points for consideration, on which Mr. Phillips does not say a single word. What then does he do? He covers with ridicule certain gentlemen in whose existence beyond the author's imagination we do not believe,—those, namely, who are represented as asserting that women are permanently disqualified for the exercise of political power by their intellectual weakness. Where these men exist, in what papers they put forth this view of woman's natural incapacity to vote for members of parliament, we are unable to say. Mr. Phillips, however, knows all about their doings, and he covers them with derision for maintaining that such women as Mrs. Norton and Miss Martineau, Mrs. Somerville and Mrs. Browning are not entitled, in respect of intellect, to a privilege enjoyed by artisans who can scarcely spell their names. By thus leading his hearers away from the points really deserving thoughtful consideration, Mr. Phillips keeps them on the laugh at the "impertinent brawlers and third-rate scribblers" who "with the gracious condescension of little men continue to lecture and preach on the 'female sphere' and 'female duties.'" When the noise is over, each laugh is delighted with the performance, finds himself comfortably free from perplexing doubt, and thinks it would be pleasant to put a bullet in one of woman's detractors.

This is the orator's system. He always knows his audience, and usually leads off with a pleasant allusion to some local prejudice or vanity. That done, he fixes by the throat some unfortunate man who is not popular with the assembly, and goes on to show what a mean, ridiculous, paltry, abominable fellow he is. The case against the unpopular notoriety having been established, and his contemptible character having been put in its true light, hearers are left to form their own estimate of his opinions. "When there is no case for the defence, attack the attorney for the prosecution," is the rule of Old Bailey practice. Mr. Phillips extends the rule, and, whether his case be weak or strong, covers the "man on the other side" with a torrent of personalities. His opponents are "recreant statesmen," "lacqueys," "scoundrels." In his speech on the surrender of Thomas Sims, he called the merchants of Boston who promised support to Marshal Tukey, "those fifteen hundred scoundrels who offered Marshal Tukey their aid." Need it be said that this spirited denunciation of fifteen hundred merchants was followed by "tumultuous applause"? But fifteen hundred scoundrels were too many objects of scorn to handle at the same time. So the lecturer dismissed them, and turned upon a single enemy. "I came here again last fall," he exclaimed, "the first time I had been here, in a Whig meeting, since listening to Otis. I found Rufus Choate on the platform. Compared with the grace and dignity of Otis, the thought of which came rushing back, he struck me like a monkey in convulsions. (Roars of laughter and cheers.)" What should we say of any distinguished speaker of our own country,—say Mr. Gladstone or Mr. Disraeli,—who should denounce an adversary as a "monkey in convulsions"? What should we say of any assemblage of Englishmen who applauded such unseemly violence?

The History of Ombre.—[Geschichte des V'Om-bres, von Dr. Gustav Schwetschke]. (Halle, Schwetschke; London, Nutt.)

Ombre, a now almost forgotten game, occupies the same place in cards as chess does among the more scientific amusements. In the good town of Halle it still flourishes, and our author, probably in grateful remembrance of many an

hour pleasantly, and, we trust, profitably, spent, has exhausted all a German's patience in excavating the history of his favourite game. To those who might be tempted to regret such a waste of time, he offers an apology in the words of the great Leibnitz: "As I have said more than once, men never appear more ingenious than in games and amusements, and philosophers should take advantage of them in perfecting the art of arts, which is the art of thinking." Goethe, too, in his 'Dichtung und Wahrheit,' after speaking very favourably of card-playing, winds up by saying, "Time is infinitely long, and every day a vessel, into which a great deal can be poured if you wish to fill it up." Backed up by these authorities, the Doctor defied the "unco' guid," and resolutely set to work at the tractate which we now purpose examining.

The name of L'Hombre (the man) indicates the Spanish origin of this game, which is confirmed by several of the terms used in it, such as *Espadilla*, *Malilla*, *Basta*, *Matador*, *Codille*, &c. It is, at the present day, the national game of the Spaniards; but is usually known as *el Tresillo*. It is also called, in jest, *el Renegado*, probably a corruption from *el Reynado*, the name given to a game of cards in 'Don Quixote.' The player at *Tresillo*, however, still bears the title of *el Hombre*. A very great age is generally assigned to Ombre. According to one statement, it sprang up in Spain in 1430; but no authority is quoted. Older Spanish literature makes no mention of it, nor do we find any historical account of it in Singer or Chatto. The former writer, however, remarks that it was probably a variation of *Primerio*, and invented before the publication of *Cobaruvia's* Spanish dictionary, though not mentioned in that work. Nor is it certain whether Ombre was one of the games which Francis the First brought home with him from his Spanish captivity. The celebrated catalogue of games which Rabelais, the contemporary of that monarch, gives in his 'Gargantua and Pantagruel,' mentions the game of *Renetto*, which, if *el Reynado* were identical with Ombre, might be referred to the latter. Nor does it appear that Ombre, a game afterwards so fashionable in France, was known in that country during the first half of the seventeenth century, for 'La Maison Académique,' which appeared in 1759, does not allude to Ombre among the forty games it describes. The nearest approach to it will be found in the game called 'Le Jeu de l'Homme, autrement dit La Beste.'

When Louis the Fourteenth married Maria Theresa, daughter of Philip the Fourth, Ombre followed in the train of the Infanta. The well-known and eccentric Palatine Princess and Duchess of Orleans writes, in her honest German fashion, "Our Queen was blood simple, but the best and most virtuous woman in the world. She possessed grandeur, too, and managed the Court properly. . . . The late Queen was inordinately fond of cards, played at *Bassette*, *Reversi* and *l'Hombre*, and sometimes at *Petite Prime*; but could never win, for she could not learn to play properly." After the Queen's death, in 1683, Ombre not only held its ground, but spread continually. The Duchess aforesaid writes, in 1697: "L'Ombre is much *à la mode* here. Folk play nothing but *Landsknecht* and *l'Ombre* in this country; dancing is something rare." Madame de Sévigné, also writing from Les Rochers, remarks, "Though we are in a solitude, we do not fail to have three play-tables very often: a *Trietrac*, a *Hombre*, and a *Reversi*." Robbe dedicated his humorous elegy, 'Les Hasards du Jeu de l'Hombre,' to the Duchess of Burgundy, a celebrated player in the year 1699. But fashions

succeed each other rapidly in France, and about 1720 Ombre began to lose its pre-eminence in that country. It is true that the consort of Louis the Fifteenth took it under her wing, whence it was called "Jeu de la Reine"; but His Majesty gave his countenance to the *Comet* game, otherwise called *Manille*; and a few years later the editor of the 'Académie Universelle des Jeux' complains that "Quadrille is now the amusement of nearly the whole *monde*, and the delight of the fair sex"; but adds, in defence of Ombre, that, "although this game is now-a-days neglected, it is, without contradiction, the finest and most learned we possess." In the introduction to *Quadrille*, we further read that, "properly speaking, it is only four-handed *l'Hombre*, or a mitigated *Hombre*." In 1818, Ombre was entirely omitted from a new edition of this work; and, at present, the royal game appears to have found its last asylum in the house of an old nobleman residing in Paris.

As the Court of Louis the Fourteenth set the fashion for the polished society of all Europe, Ombre could hardly fail, ere long, to make its way across the Rhine. In the 'Almanach de Carlsbad' for 1695 there is an entry of "Money gained at Carlsbad at the game of Ombre employed to build a church," which proves that the game was popular at that time in Germany. A short time after, the editor of the first edition of the 'New Royal Game of l'Hombre,' published at Hamburg in 1708, says, "that l'Hombre, within the last few years, has become so common and well known in Germany that hardly any one is esteemed as gallant who does not know it." A special table was invented for the game, which we find described as "a small, low, and three-cornered table, usually covered with cloth, and provided with three pockets." Similar tables may still be discovered, we fancy, in the dark recesses of Wardour Street. Zacharie, in his 'Renommist,' shows us the Leipzig beau playing at Ombre with the first fashionable beauty of the city; and twenty years later the young student Goethe was instructed by Frau Hofrath Böhme and a friend of hers "in playing *Piquet*, *l'Hombre*, and similar games, a knowledge of which is considered indispensable in society." About the same time we find Lessing, at Hamburg, mentioned as a passionate admirer of *l'Hombre*, and when the rest of the hungry visitors, waiting for dinner, teased him, he would say, "All people of good sense love the game madly." Another twenty years after, a contributor to 'The Journal of Luxury and Fashion' testifies to the continued reputation of Ombre in an article called 'Philosophical Fancies about the most popular Game of our Century.' The author ventures to assert that merely in the northern Imperial circles of Germany about 12,000 persons are seated every winter's evening at the *l'Hombre* table, and that, on special occasions, the number might be trebled, without any exaggeration. As a further proof of the popularity of Ombre in Germany, we may mention that, from 1770 to 1788, no less than seven editions of the Hamburg Ombre book were required. Towards the close of the eighteenth century a learned mathematical treatise testified to the continued popularity of Ombre. Prof. Kligel, of Halle, demonstrated that at Ombre "upwards of 273,000,000 variations could occur in one and the same hand."

Not long after the beginning of the nineteenth century, we find an allusion to Ombre in Theodore Körner's poem, 'Mann und Bestie,' where he speaks of "stabbing the kings with the spadille." This allusion to one class of game shows the popularity Ombre had acquired among soldiers, who played desperately, with the exception of those commanded by old

Blücher, who would not allow a card to be touched in the field. After the close of the great war, the diplomatists of the Congress of Vienna found a relief from the toils of the day at the Ombre-table, and, even to the present day, the game is to be met with, although it has powerful rivals to contend against in Whist and Scat.

In England, we find mention of Ombre at a very early date. According to Chatto, a work appeared in 1660, under the title of 'The Royal Game of Ombre,' which, though of a political tendency, proves the popularity of the game in England at that time. Chatto quotes this work in refutation of Barrington's statement, that the game was probably introduced into England by Catherine of Braganza, consort of Charles the Second, who did not arrive at Portsmouth till May 14, 1662, as there is a poem by Waller in existence, headed, 'On a Card torn at Ombre by the Queen.' The game soon became so popular that Pope describes it fully in the 'Rape of the Lock':—

Belinda now, whom thirst of fame invites,
Burns to encounter two adventurous knights,
At Ombre singly to decide their doom,
And swells her breast with conquests still to come.

Richard Seymour, in his 'Court Gamester,' 1722, written for the instruction of the young princesses, discusses Ombre in addition to *Piquet* and Chess. In the same author's 'Complete Gamester,' Ombre is also described as an extremely fashionable game. Towards the close of the century, however, it had almost sunk into oblivion, and, at the present day, the student may seek for its rules in vain in the treatises on games of cards.

We learn that Ombre was fashionable in Italy during the last century, from Forteguerra's satirical epic 'Ricciardetto,' in which it is mentioned among other games of cards. In 1747, appeared, at Rome, a work, under the title 'Giucchi delle Minchiate, Ombre, Scacchi,' in which the author, a professor of mathematics, declares Ombre to be the finest game next to Chess. In Sweden, Denmark and Russia, Ombre also met with an honourable reception; and even the Moors of Africa played (and probably still play), though in secret, the royal game which they learned from the Spaniards.

As regards the terminology of Ombre, we may remark that in Spanish cards the four suits have the following symbols: beakers or cups (Span. *copas*; Ital. *coppe*), swords (Span. *espadas*; Ital. *spade*), coins (Span. *oros*; Ital. *dinari*), and sticks or clubs (Span. *bastos*; Ital. *bastoni*), which represent the four principal classes of society,—priests, knights, citizens and peasants. That Ombre was originally played with Spanish cards is proved by the fact that the first Matador has the name of *Spadille*, from the Spanish *espadas* or *spades*, and the third that of *basta*, from the Spanish suit *bastos* or *clubs*. We may also mention that the second Matador, the *Manille*, is called in Spanish *Mala* or *Malilla*. This word means the little evil one, because the *manille* card is at one moment the lowest at another the highest, when its suit is trumps. In the Hand-oracle of the Spanish Jesuit Graham, the 85th maxim has the head-line "No ser *Malilla*." There is, moreover, another game of cards entirely different from Ombre, called *Malilla* in Spanish and *Manille* in French. According to recent works on Ombre, the Matadors no longer bear that name in Spain, but that of *Mates* or *Estriches*. The latter word signifies a case containing knife, scissors, pincers, &c., and may, therefore, be used in the sense of capturers of cards, just as the older term *Matadors* meant murderers or assassins. According to the 'Recherches Historiques sur les Cartes à Jouer,' published

at Lyons, in 1757, the term *Codille* is derived from the circumstance that the "winner shakes his elbows on the table by manner of mockery, thus *codille*, from the Spanish *codal* or *codó*, an elbow." According to the same author, when the opponent won the next game as well it was usual to call it *Codille-Moquille*. *Mochilla* in Spanish is the name for a bag, and it was meant as a hint that so lucky a player required a bag to carry off his winnings. Lastly, we may mention that the term fish, though sounding so thoroughly Anglo-Saxon, has reached us through the French *fiche* from the Spanish *ficha*.

In addition to his historical survey of *Ombre*, Dr. Schwetschke gives a list of every work that has been published of the game, a reprint of 'Le Jeu de l'Homme,' in French and German, and sundry addenda more or less valuable.

A Neglected Fact in English History. By Henry Charles Coote, Esq. (Bell & Daldy.)

This is a little volume of merit, although we are not prepared to concur in all the conclusions to which its author tries to lead us. The neglected fact is the history of that period which has always presented so much obscurity, and certainly has not yet been understood,—the transition in Britain from Roman to Anglo-Saxon. Every one who studies critically and impartially what is called the history of the period extending from the close of the Roman rule to the establishment of the Anglo-Saxons must feel convinced that it is on the whole a mass of fable, composed at a later period, upon slight and vague traditions, and that it leaves wide room for historical speculation. Mr. Coote's theory on the subject is new and ingenious. He supposes that during the Roman period the greater part of what is now called England was occupied by a Belgic population, which had begun to settle in Britain before the arrival of Julius Caesar; that these Belgians were Teutonic, and that it is to them we owe the Anglo-Saxon institutions so far as they are identical with the Romans, and the Anglo-Saxon language. This Teutonic population he considers to be the same which the old Welsh writers call *Loegrians*, and speak of as though they were an entirely different race from themselves. The Anglo-Saxons of the period of the Teutonic invasions came in by force, and took possession of the legal and social institutions which the Romans had abandoned.

In support of this rather startling theory, Mr. Coote brings forward arguments which are certainly not without their weight, and some of them well deserve consideration. He points out with considerable minuteness, and we think very satisfactorily, the Roman character of the great mass of the legal and social institutions of the Anglo-Saxons; their municipal institutions, much of their legal forms, even the laws and customs relating to the possession of landed property and to the relative positions of the different classes, were Roman. This part of the subject Mr. Coote has discussed with a fullness, and at the same time within a moderate compass, which deserves great praise, and we can commend it to the attention of students in Anglo-Saxon antiquities. Now, the great social division of the Anglo-Saxon population was originally into *gesithas* and *eorlas*, or the governing class and the dependent class, the privileged and the unprivileged; and the character of this division, as Mr. Coote remarks, points to two distinct nationalities. Of the origin of the *gesithas*, who afterwards changed their name for that of *thanes*, there can be no doubt—they were the conquerors from Germany; but who were the *eorls*? Mr. Coote condemns

as worthy only of ridicule the old notion that the Anglo-Saxon conquerors exterminated the previous inhabitants of the land, for such extermination is not only incredible in itself, but it is contrary to all the experience which history furnishes of the result of the conquest of a country by foreign invasion; and he argues that this previous population must have been very numerous. On the other hand, he argues, and we think fairly, that the Saxons and the Angles were neither of them a numerous people, and that they cannot have come hither in such force as to furnish a new population; their numerical strength "was sufficient only to provide masters for the conquered race, not colonizers or substituted and exclusive inhabitants." He assumes, upon this, that the Anglo-Saxon *ceorl* represented the older class of the population of Anglo-Saxon England, and that it was the old Belgian (Teutonic) population, Romanized; that it was to them the Anglo-Saxons owed their Roman institutions; and he attempts to show that it was to them we owe the Anglo-Saxon language. The question of the language is, perhaps, the weakest part of Mr. Coote's argument.

Mr. Coote's theory is, that the Anglo-Saxon language is not a language brought in by the Anglo-Saxon conquerors, but the language they found in use here among the people they conquered, the language of the *ceorl*, which was adopted by the *gesithas* at the same time that they adopted the previously existing laws and institutions. He alleges that we have no intimation that the languages of the governed and of the governing classes were at any time different, and that we must therefore hold that the two sections spoke the same language; that we find none of those great distinctions of language which must be expected if the invaders introduced their own languages, for the Jutes who settled in Kent, and the Angles in a great portion of England, were Scandinavians, and would have used a Scandinavian dialect, whereas we find them all speaking the same Anglo-Saxon, and therefore Teutonic, tongue. Further, there is an intermixture of Latin words in forms which would seem to show that the language had existed a long time under Roman domination. These are Mr. Coote's principal arguments in relation to the language of the Anglo-Saxons, and it will be seen that they depend to a great extent upon negative evidence, or upon want of evidence. It might be urged, on the other side, that all the facts we know tend to the belief that the language in use in Roman Britain was Latin, and that, supposing the Teutonic part of the population, whatever it may have been, not to have forgotten its own language, that language would still have held a position which would hardly allow of development or refinement. We must consider also that we can hardly be said to know any of the Teutonic or Scandinavian languages, except Anglo-Saxon, at the time when the Anglo-Saxon conquerors established themselves here, and that, when we do become acquainted with them, they were already breaking up from their perfect forms, and had thrown themselves upon that period of transition which ended in the formation of the modern languages. In all our researches into the history of this early period, difficulties are continually presenting themselves which will probably never be solved, for it must not be forgotten that the knowledge now within our reach is very small indeed compared with what we want. Hence the danger, in these remote periods of history, of arguing upon negative evidence. There is, no doubt, much which wants explanation in the earlier history of the Anglo-Saxon language, but we should hesitate in accepting a theory so totally contradictory to all our previous notions as that which assumes

it to be the language in use in Britain during the Roman period.

Most historians of any information and judgment will now agree with Mr. Coote in the absurdity of the supposition that, when the Anglo-Saxons conquered Britain, they exterminated the previous population, which, in fact, is contrary to the history of all conquests we know of. But when the Anglo-Saxons invaded this island, they found it already occupied by two classes, by the peasantry or servile class, and by the Roman freemen, who were the inhabitants of the towns, and this class of course included the landed proprietors, who were, no doubt, members of some of the towns. Where, in the heat of the invasion, a town was taken by force, it was no doubt the scene of a much greater destruction of the previous population than the country, because the eagerness for slaughter was excited first by the stronger resistance, which raised a greater feeling of vengeance; and, secondly, by the prospect of vast plunder, which was rendered more secure by the destruction of those to whom by right it belonged. But history shows us that only a comparatively small number of the great towns in Britain underwent this fate. Taking a town was a much more serious affair with an Anglo-Saxon warrior than seizing upon an open territory, and, in the period of conquest, the townsmen appear to have entered into compositions with the invaders, by which they were allowed to retain their town, their freedom, and their old laws and customs, while they transferred their old allegiance to the imperial Government, with the advantages that Government derived from it, to the new rulers of the land; an arrangement which was too obviously calculated for the interests of all parties to be neglected. That this was the case is shown by the position in which we find the old Roman towns in England when we first become acquainted with them in the Anglo-Saxon period. The Anglo-Saxons, who, like the rest of the Teutonic race, were prejudiced against towns, and preferred living in the open country, seized upon the land, and, as they were not by their own national customs settled landholders, they readily adopted, perhaps with some modifications of their own, the laws regulating the possession of land which they found already in force in their new country. These considerations, we think, are sufficient to explain the ruling Roman element in the laws and institutions of the Anglo-Saxons, without necessarily having recourse to the somewhat violent supposition of an ante-Roman Belgic population preserving their language to give it along with the Roman institutions to the Anglo-Saxon conqueror of the fifth century.

But, although we are not inclined to accept Mr. Coote's theory, we have no hesitation in saying that he has produced a very curious and able book. All the facts contained in it, which are not few or unimportant, and many of the opinions enunciated, are well worthy of attention; and the author has pointed out the Roman element in Anglo-Saxon England more fully and more satisfactorily than any previous writer.

Our Great Writers: a Course of Lectures upon English Literature. By Charles Edward Turner. Vol. I. (St. Petersburg, Münx.)

Mr. Turner takes for his motto the well-known words of Cicero, *Rudem esse omnino in nostris poetis, aut inertissimæ segnitia est, aut fastidii delicatissimi*—words which were written just before the great lights of Latin literature rose above the horizon, and when many Romans, not otherwise of mean judgment, were yet so

"delicately fastidious" as to think no poetry worth reading except the Greek. What would the accomplished Marcus Tullius think, if he could visit England in her grandest days of literary renown, and find that men who occupy a high position as authors are sometimes very imperfectly acquainted with the works of their predecessors! What would he think if he were to examine these gentlemen in turn, and to find that many of them, although supposed to know Shakspeare, had little distinct conception of his various plays, still less of the minute shades of difference which give individuality to each and every character! What would he think if somebody in the company quoted "All the world's a stage," and an eminent writer exclaimed, "Ah! very fine passage; *Macbeth*, isn't it?" What would he think, when he found that all the world extolled Shakspeare as the greatest of dramatic poets, but few persons had read Jonson or Beaumont and Fletcher, and few therefore could explain how and why the Warwickshire bard excelled his great contemporaries! Perhaps he would be of opinion that showers of gold had washed all the poetry out of our souls, and that the hurry and anxiety of commerce absorbed all our faculties; perhaps, that our literature had become too bulky for busy men to study throughout; perhaps, that we require more guidance in early life than our ordinary methods of education attempt to give us; perhaps, that new types had gained our admiration, and by their nearer brilliancy had thrown the old and distant into the shade; perhaps, that we were dazzled and bewildered by puffery, and have lost the habit of reading and judging for ourselves!

There would undoubtedly be a certain proportion of truth in all these views, and the actual state of things may be got at by distilling that which is genuine and essential from each. In our younger days, no measures are taken for giving us a general view of English literature; as we grow up we hear of innumerable great names, but we have not time to read everything, and we know not how to make a selection; we are obliged to work hard to gain our living, and in our few leisure hours we have got to read Tennyson's last poem or Dickens's current serial; besides which, Mrs. A. and Mrs. B. bring out fresh novels every six months, and the papers speak so highly of them that one must read them or be looked upon as a fool. Thus the most wonderful literary period that ever existed is, to a certain extent, neglected, and we are told (though this is an exaggeration) that Prof. August Wilhelm von Schlegel first put us up to Shakspeare!

Under existing circumstances, then, we hail with satisfaction the frequent appearance of new works which may enable a man, even at middle age, and with limited "hours of idleness," to commence with good hope of success the process which is to remedy the defects of his early education. What he chiefly wants is a guide, a faithful and impartial tutor who will tell him where to begin, and give him such tempting glimpses by way of quotation as will naturally induce him to explore further for himself. Such a guide he will find in Mr. Turner's book, which, although intended for the students of a Russian "Imperial College," is sufficiently comprehensive in its scope to be used with advantage by our own countrymen. In works of this kind, the poets always occupy the most prominent place. One reason of this is, we presume, that in poetry most writers display some striking and special feature which renders it easy for the artist to dash off the portrait; while prose is so much more a matter of grammar and rule, that twenty works by different

authors may be very similar in style. Another reason for the preference is, that a poetical idea is often thoroughly worked out within a small compass; whereas in history or philosophy we must generally read a whole book if we would wish to gauge the calibre of the author. Prose and poetry are like town and country: in the former, you may wander for hours and see nothing but common-place dwellings; in the latter, you can find a dozen picturesque scenes within a walk of your own door.

Mr. Turner's work begins with a short but clear sketch of the origin of the English tongue and the earliest dawn of our national English literature. In this sketch he has not entered into minute particulars, but has sufficiently shown the political causes which affected the progress of our composite language and delayed the rise of a truly national school of writers. The only fault we have to find with this portion of the work is its extreme brevity; we should have been glad to see it illustrated by a few quotations from the *trouvères*, and from our own early writers, 'Piers Plowman' and Gower. When Mr. Turner comes to Chaucer, however, he allows himself more space; a whole chapter being devoted to 'The Canterbury Tales,' while the poet's love of nature and touching and simple pathos are amply illustrated from this and other sources. How simple and heartfelt is Chaucer's eulogium of the commonest but prettiest of flowers, the daisy:—

Of all the flowers in the mead,
Then love I most these flowers white and red,
Such that men callen daisies in our town;
To them I have so great affection.
As I said erst, when comen is the May,
That in my bedde there daweth me no day
That I n'am up and walking in the mead,
To see this flower against the sunne spread,
When it up-riseth early by the morrow;
That blissfull sight softeneth all my sorrow,
So glad am I, where that I have the presence
Of it, to done it all reverence:
And ever I love it, and ever ylike newe,
And ever shall, till that mine herte die;
Though I swear not, of this I will not lie,
There loved no wight hotter in his life.
And when that it is eve, I renne blithe,
As soon as ever the sunne's ginneth west,
To see this flower, how it shall go to rest;
For fear of night, so hateth she darkness,
Her cheer is plainly spread in brightness
Of the sunne, for there it will uncloze;
Alas! that I ne had English rhyme nor prose
Sufficient this flower to praise aright,
But help ye me, ye that have cunning and might.

We have an instance of his sadder tone of thought in the description of Hugelin and his child in prison:—

His young son, that three years was of age,
Unto him said, Father, why do ye weep?
When will the jailor bringen our potage,
Is there no morsel bread that ye do keep?
I am so hungry that I may not sleep.
Now wolde God that I might sleepe ever,
Then should not hunger in my wombe creep.
There n' is no thing, save bread, that me were liever.
Thus, day by day, this child began to cry,
Till in his father's barn adown it lay
And said, Farewell, father, I mote die;
And kissed his father and died the same day.
And when the woeful father did it sey,
For woe his armes two he 'gan to bite
And said, Alas! fortune and wala wa!
Thy false wheel my woe all may wite.

It would be difficult to find a more solemn and striking picture of the fear of death than in the description of Custance when falsely accused of murder:—

Have ye not seen sometime a pale face,
Among a press, of him that hath been lad
Toward his death, where as he sitteth no grace,
And such a colour in his face hath had,
Men mighten know him that was so bestad
Amonges all the faces in that route;—
So stood Custance and looked her about.

To speak at length of the playful humour, the knowledge of character, and the graphic power of delineation displayed in 'The Canterbury Tales' would be superfluous here; but the reader will find all these points carefully brought out in the book under consideration.

The Elizabethan period is treated at con-

siderable length; and to those who know Peele, Kyd, Greene, and Marlowe only by name, we recommend Lecture VI., in which the origin of the English drama is clearly traced, and it is shown to have been of indigenous growth. Then we have the miracle-plays and mysteries; and we are told how in those rude days of experiment the female parts were taken by men, the theatres had no scenery or decorations, and the general auditorium was open to the air, while aristocratic roysterers found refuge on the thatch-covered stage, and coolly smoked their pipes in the midst of heroes and heroines.

The chapters on Shakspeare are carefully and ably written, the plays being divided into "tragedies," "dramas," "imaginative plays," "historical plays," "classical plays," and "comedies." The critical account of the plays is accompanied by a few remarks on their supposed dates and the sources from which the plots are considered to have been derived. Mr. Turner treats this important branch of his subject both as a scholar and as a man of taste, and the student of English literature will find that he has left little or nothing to be desired.

The volume now before us is only a first instalment, but it includes Milton, Bunyan, Butler, &c., and comes down as far as Dryden. A second volume is promised, but we are somewhat mistaken if Mr. Turner will be able to complete his labours in less than three volumes. The present volume has only 359 pages, while Dr. Craik's history contains nearly 600 in each volume. Dr. Craik passes lightly over Shakspeare; for this reason, perhaps, that every Englishman may be supposed to have read works entirely devoted to the greatest of dramatists. Of course, this reasoning does not apply to a work published in Russia; and in Mr. Turner's book the Shakspearian chapters occupy nearly the third part. We earnestly recommend Mr. Turner to add to his work the useful feature of a good alphabetical index, and also to place at the commencement a chronological table of contents.

Chronicles of the Monastery of St. Albans. The English History of Thomas Walsingham, formerly a Monk of St. Albans—[Chronica Monasterii S. Albani. Thomæ Walsingham, quondam Monachi S. Albani, Historia Anglicana]. Edited by Henry Thomas Riley. Vol. II. 1381-1422. (Longman & Co.)

THE first volume of this much-improved edition of the great historical work, by Walsingham, was occupied with the picturesque details of social and political life in England during the hundred and nine years which preceded the earlier of the above two dates. In the present volume we have greater fullness of detail, for it embraces only the more limited period of forty-one years,—terminating with the funeral obsequies of Henry the Fifth and the accession of his infant son, Henry the Sixth, with the former Henry's brother Humphrey, the good Duke of Gloucester, as regent. This seems like a "curtain descending to slow music" at the end of a showy and turbulent drama which opened with general confusion and particular insurrection in the Eastern counties; but it is not the quiet of peace which is gained at the close of the record. The little king and the regent Humphrey are both alike doomed to perish; and there is something akin to retribution in the fact that the murder of Humphrey Duke of Gloucester, which was so disastrous to the England which he governed wisely, led, in its consequences, to the murder of Henry the Sixth, which helped another Gloucester to usurp the throne.

In the first volume and a small portion of the

second, Walsingham follows an older compilation, once belonging to the Abbey of St. Albans. He derives the principal part of the second and last portion from a manuscript now in Corpus Christi College, Cambridge. Mr. Riley is inclined to ascribe the first fifteen years of the history of Richard the Second to the original authorship of Walsingham himself. This authorship, however, goes no further than industrious compilation from various and discordant sources; "in witness of which," says Mr. Riley, "we need only refer, through the aid of the Index, to the conflicting opinions stated during the course of those fifteen years in reference to the character and conduct of King Richard and his uncle, John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster, the former of whom, for example, is in one place represented as, in all probability, defiled by the most abominable of vices, while elsewhere, though certainly he is mostly spoken of in terms of censure, he is mentioned with words of commendation, extending almost to praise." The details of these fifteen years are so complete and so interesting, that Mr. Riley has no hesitation in describing them—and justly so, in our opinion—as "decidedly the most valuable portion of the compilation that has come down to us as Walsingham's English History." Of Court gossip, there is abundance in the account of the incidents of Richard's coronation; of the relations between the King and his ducal uncles of Lancaster and Gloucester; of the rivalry between Lancaster and the Earl of Northumberland; of the King's intercourse with his favourites De Vere and Michael de La Pole; and of the scandal caused by the relations between the former and Richard. Of naval affairs, and stout and patriotic aldermen, Philipot helped Walsingham to stirring accounts. Then the din of insurrection, and murder, and foreign invasion, and crusading expeditions beyond sea, rises ever and anon to a deafening noise, contrasting well with the quiet details of religious and commercial matters, or with such local affairs as the charge against the Lord Mayor, Sir Nicholas Brambre, who was accused of intending to change the name of the city of London to "New Troy," and designing to have himself created duke by that title! One has heard of Lord Mayors aspiring to titles, but we have never before met with one desirous of becoming a duke—a Duke of New Troy, too! But, partly for this vaulting ambition, and partly for crimes of treasonable and cruel aspect, this uneasy and truculent Lord Mayor came to another sort of elevation—on the city gibbet!

Of Walsingham himself there is little known. Mr. Riley believes him to have been a Norfolk man, and, from allusions in his history, a student of Oxford. He was preceptor and copyist at St. Albans, was subsequently prior of Wyndham, but, after 1419, Mr. Riley "has failed to meet with any further mention of Walsingham, beyond the vague and apparently improbable assertion of the old writers, who state that he flourished in 1440." The name did not soon die out. In the sixteenth century it was ennobled by that Francis Walsingham whose ability as a statesman and zeal as a Protestant churchman are so universally known. It was again before the public in the seventeenth century, when the Northumbrian Protestant deacon, also named Francis Walsingham, troubled King James with his religious scruples, and was handed over to the Archbishop of Canterbury, who passed him on to other learned theologians. Failing to receive the satisfaction from them he sought, he entered the Roman Catholic Church, became a member of the Society of Jesus, and is remembered as one of the great controversial writers of his

time. Of the history by his industrious namesake, Thomas Walsingham of Norfolk, Mr. Riley has given us such an edition as England never before possessed. From the lucid Introduction, to the last page of the Appendices, the evidences of his learning and his carefulness are on every sheet.

NEW NOVELS.

The Man in Chains. By C. J. Collins. 3 vols. (Maxwell & Co.)—The title of this work is the best part about it. The Man in Chains is the man fettered with extravagant habits, liabilities, and difficulties, which, though unknown to the world, are in reality as restrictive to real freedom as if they were actual fetters. The metaphor, carried out, shows that actions are fetters which men and women forge for themselves; that every act of thoughtlessness, wrong-doing, debt, or self-indulgence, is a link in the heavy fetters of a lifetime, which bind a man more firmly than chains of iron, and from which deliverance is so difficult as to be almost impossible. The idea is a good one, but the author has done his best to spoil it, by writing a foolish and pretentious novel—a sort of sensation-novel, put together according to receipt, in a false, inflated, affected style, full of mock enthusiasm and electro-plate eloquence. The incidents are a conglomerate of the old Minerva Press and the modern sensational events, incoherently put together, and sadly needing some cement of probability to make them adhere. The style is so involved, that an attempt to detail the plot would be perplexing; the reader must be committed to his own sagacity to wend his way through the intricate plans of Mark Baskerville, and to master the genealogies and relationships, the new-found mothers and long-lost lovers, and uncles, upon whom the curtain drops.

Alice Hythe: a Novel. By William Platt. 3 vols. (Newby).—If authors might make their heroes or heroines, as the case may be, commit bigamy it would save the lives of many excellent young men and deserving young women, who, having got themselves and their affections into a tangle, find their only resource is to die gracefully, much regretted, but still to the incalculable relief of the surviving friends, who show their gratitude by a beautiful funeral in a picturesque churchyard, or by a monument of "the purest white marble." Harold Knighton, the hero of the present novel, endued with beauty and every virtue except the gift of common sense, becomes entangled with two heroines, one whom he has asked to marry him and whom all his friends wish him to marry, the other a very charming, excellent young thing whom he has induced to love him, and whom he does not know what to do with, for he has taken to her chiefly out of contradiction. He gets into many other scrapes and embarrassments, but these are the main ones. Alice Hythe, the heroine who has a claim upon him, falls ill and is likely to die from the effects of his tantalizing conduct; the little heroine who loves him falls ill too, from uncertainty and agitation. Harold at last elects to return to Alice, whom he really loves rather the better of the two. He finds Alice very ill, and, perversely, will not tell her that he has come back to love and marry her, but trifles with her suspense, thinking he has plenty of time before him in which to set her heart at ease. But the author, who evidently loves both the heroines, makes up his mind that Alice shall be the one to be sacrificed; so, on the very night of Harold's return, Alice in a fit of somnambulism sets fire to the house, which, being a fine old abbey, burns like tinder. All the inmates escape except Alice, who cannot be found. Harold rushes bravely up to the burning mansion, sees Alice at a window, mounts a ladder placed against the falling wall, calls her by her name, receives her into his arms; she murmurs a few happy words and "lay in his arms a corpse"! Of course, Harold is very full of grief and remorse; he had loved Alice, and as she was the better worth having, her death is a touch of retribution; but, after a limited period, he marries Rosalie, and the old abbey is rebuilt. Minor complications are smoothed away; the other lovers in the story are made happy;

money-matters are arranged, and as Alice is made into an angel, she is better off than if she had married the man who had tormented the life out of her, and whose vacillation and perverseness had been actually the cause of her death. Still, as we said before, if a man were permitted to have two wives in a novel, Alice need not have been killed.

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

The Judgment of Conscience, and other Sermons. By R. Whately, D.D. (Longman & Co.)—Many of the sermons of the late Archbishop have been emptied into his published writings; some are of purely local interest: the rest are in this little volume. They are, like everything else from the same pen, practical, sensible, and liberal: we accept the judgment of the Archbishop himself, and pronounce them not to contain matter worthy of especial note; but they contain very useful reading. Here and there is a little of the sly sarcasm which Whately could give out *pro re nata*: for instance—"There are two things either of which few will ever seek in vain who seek earnestly: the one is, the knowledge of what we ought to do; the other, a plausible excuse for doing what we are inclined to." This turn of wit ought to be called a Wolfe; because the earliest marked instance of it which has introduced a phrase into our language came from the pen of the great general. The humour consists in using an expression under an implication the very contrary of that which usually accompanies it. Wolfe wrote home in his despatches that he had only a "choice of difficulties," and excited much laughter and some criticism; for though, thanks to Wolfe himself, we cannot see it now, the word *choice* always meant willing selection from among agreeable things. Perhaps Whately may deserve to give name to a contrivance by which the humour is enhanced; namely, making two applications, in one of which the phrase—here "seek earnestly," which usually implies "in a right spirit"—is applied in two ways, one according to usage, the other not.

Religious Reformation Imperatively Demanded. By James Biden. (Simpkin, Marshall & Co.)—We hesitate to approach this work; its author is too great. He says "It now becomes necessary to speak of myself, at all times unpleasant, whether a duty or not. At the coming crisis, to be useful I must be known. Moreover, a command is upon me which I dare not disobey." He then quotes Ezekiel iii. 17, &c., about the watchman who is to sound the trumpet, and adds—"The trumpet is now sounded." If we might venture to treat Mr. Biden as slightly mistaken in his notion that the prophet meant to speak of him, we should describe his book as a fanciful and absurd attempt, not merely to interpret the Apocalypse, but to make all the Old Testament history a prophetic account of our own and other times. Thus Adam is man *in genere*, and his rib is the Church. Ezekiel's prophecies, among other things, the destruction of the Church of England in 1857, which came to pass. We were very much puzzled, for we are certain that Wilson, and Jowett, and Colenso, knew nothing of it; and they, we have been assured, are actually trying to do what was done in 1857. But Mr. Biden explains himself thus: "In 1857, as foretold, the Church of England gave up her life—her spiritual life, depending on the maintenance of Episcopal Consecration. That for which Wesley was expelled, namely, preaching in unconsecrated buildings, in that year was permitted, yea, more than permitted, was encouraged and advocated by her bishops and clergy. That her immediate extinction is not intended, though close at hand, is shown by the language of Ezekiel—"Set on a pot, and gather the pieces into it, and consume them, and then set it empty upon the coals thereof." Blind as we were, we thought the Establishment never gave a more decided sign of vitality than in this adoption of the plan of doing its work wherever it could be done: but conclusions drawn from man and his history are very deceitful compared with pots and pieces in a Hebrew prophet, properly understood. Much of the work is in answer to Bishop Colenso, whose goodness and honesty are warmly praised, but

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who wants moral discrimination and spiritual perception. We answer for it he has not the least idea who or what he is. "It is difficult for Bishop Colenso to see how giants were born from the intercourse of the sons of God with the daughters of men. The sons of God are now clearly understood; the 'daughters of men' is a figure to express churches of human foundation, which will more clearly appear presently. The Bishop is an instance of a 'born giant,' the product of the intercourse of the sons of God with the Church of England, a daughter of men." But surely, on this system, Bishops Longley, Thomson, Tait, &c. are Nephilim as well as Bishop Colenso: that is, if they be giants.

The Camden Miscellany. Vol. V.—Five Letters of King Charles the Second, communicated by the Marquis of Bristol; Letter of the Council of Sir T. Lake, relating to the Proceedings of Sir Edward Coke, at Otlands, and Documents relating to Sir Walter Raleigh's last Voyage; A Catalogue of early English Miscellanies formerly in the Harleian Library; Letters selected from the Collection of Autographs, in the possession of W. Tite, Esq.; Sir F. Drake's Memorable Service done against the Spaniards in 1587; Inquiry into the genuineness of a Letter dated February 3rd, 1613, and signed Mary Magdalene Danvers. Such is a list of the contents of the last of the miscellaneous volumes of the Camden Society. Charles the Second's letters are not of great interest, save that his private letters are few in number, and these are more interesting than any of that few. The details of the Drake expedition are, on the other hand, of extraordinary interest, given as they are by a quaint and accomplished eye-witness. Perhaps the most curious contribution is that of Lady Danvers's letter which is rejected by the Council, but printed, as rats are nailed to barn-doors or bad money to a counter, that no more mischief might arise from it. This letter of George Herbert's mother is full of social illustrations and court and political gossip. It has been for years, or rather, this transcript of the alleged original, which is nowhere, has been for years, in proper custody, that of Lord Bristol, and it would have been printed, but for some suspicion as to a modern-sounding phrase or two which led to a discussion, which further extended to the dates, and on examination the latter were found to be so incorrect, facts being spoken of as accomplished which did not come to pass till years after the date of this letter which records or refers to them, that the document was unanimously rejected by the Council as a forgery. The telling of the whole story in connexion with this paper is one of those capital things which Mr. Bruce tells so capitally, and we are reconciled to the rogue who indited the false letter, since it elicited an excellent essay on that and a world of pleasant relevant matter, by Mr. Bruce himself. Had he not been sufficiently wide awake to the facts, had he printed the letter, and had its forgery been established by an enemy to the Council, we all know, from the literary history of past years, to what obloquy the Council might have been exposed. That Council very properly prides itself on its exactness; but one of the editors of this volume has fallen into a singular error at page 26. A note to illustrate an allusion to Joseph Harris the comedian, made in a letter from Nell Gwynne to Mr. Hyde, states that Harris "drew sword for King Charles the First at Edgehill and lived to delight the town, after the Restoration, with his Othello, Alexander, Brutus and Catiline. * * Lord Braybrooke stated, in a note to Pepys, that Harris probably died or left the stage about 1676. The present letter postpones that date for a year or two, and Dr. Doran ('Their Majesties Servants,' vol. 1, p. 63) dates his retirement from the stage in 1682, and his interment at Stanmore Magna in 1683." On referring to the volume thus quoted, in order to verify the statement here made, we find, not that Joseph Harris (who was famed for playing Wolsey and Henry the Fifth) but that Charles Hart was celebrated for acting the parts above named, and that it was he who was buried at Stanmore, in 1683. Nell's letter is characteristic. Of course, she dictated it to a girl; and she says: "I have a thousand merry conceits, but I cant make her write um." The

secretary was more modest than her mistress. As we are about to close the volume, our eye falls on another error (p. 26). Ralph, third Lord Montague, of Boughton, is spoken of as becoming "Earl and Duke of Manchester." Those titles were never his. Lord Montague was created, in 1689, Marquis of Monthermer and Duke of Montague. There was no Duke of Manchester till 1719, ten years after the death of the first of the three Dukes of Montague.

A Corner of Kent; or, some Account of the Parish of Ash-next-Sandwich, its Historical Sites and Existing Antiquities. By J. R. Planché. (Hardwicke.)—Whatever Rouge Croix Pursuivant undertakes is certain to be happily accomplished. Whether it be an extravaganza sparkling with merry sayings, and affording rare pleasure by its gracefulness and refinement, or an antiquarian, topographical and genealogical volume like this, modestly entitled 'A Corner of Kent,' Mr. Planché is sure to gratify his audience in the one case, his readers in the other. Forty years have elapsed since he wrote the 'Oberon,' to which Weber put such exquisite music. Four-and-thirty years ago his 'Brigand' was the dear delight of admirers of melodrama; Wallack warbled his 'Gentle Zitelia!' and Mrs. Barrymore played picturesquely the brigand's wife. Since then, Mr. Planché has reigned supreme in the realm of extravaganza, in which he has had no brother near the throne. These brilliant burlesque pieces never offended the purest taste, for they were entirely free from all vulgarity, and never threw ridicule on stories of real heroism or of social affections. Thirty years ago, Mr. Planché gave us the 'History of British Costume'; and here he is, fresh, earnest and hearty as ever, with a book he did not mean to write, 'A Corner of Kent.' The author originally designed to have compiled a handbook about this corner, which, if it did not quite repay the cost of publication, would not inflict any very ruinous pecuniary penalty on the compiler. But his son-in-law's parish of Ash-next-Sandwich afforded more materials than Mr. Planché expected to have to deal with, and the result is a volume which is a very valuable addition to county history. It is not addressed to the general reader, and yet the general reader has an interest in a place within the boundaries of which "the Gauls found their most commodious haven, the Romans erected their most famous portulice, the pagan Jute established his dominion, and the holy Augustine planted his cross." There, too, incense had been flung to Jove the best and greatest, and Wodin had his worship among the hills which still shelter the village which bears the name of that deity. There, since that time, the Norman lorded it, and the care of the whole, and much more besides, is a sinecure for the Warden of the Cinque Ports. Kentish men and antiquaries will thank Mr. Planché for this book, on the production of which we congratulate him sincerely.

The Linen Trade, Ancient and Modern. By A. J. Warden. (Longman & Co.)—In this bulky volume we have all that the compiler designed, namely, a full and reliable record of the rise, progress, and present condition of a very important department of manufacture and commerce. Mr. Warden plays with statistics as easily as Hercules might with modern quibbles; but the more popular sections of his important volume, the history of the linen manufacture and trade from the olden time, are nearly reprints, by permission, of the Lectures on the subject delivered in Scotland, twelve years ago, by Mr. Miller, banker, of Dundee. The volume closes, naturally enough, with an urgent recommendation for the increase of the culture of flax. If the farmers of the United Kingdom could be induced to grow but 2½ acres of flax for one year, as an experiment, the produce, at the rate of 4 cwt. per acre, would amount to about 256,000 tons; the cotton-trade would not be impeded, the cotton districts would find the odd day and a half's employment which the workers are likely to want, and between two and three millions of hard cash would go into the pockets of the farmers. Without this home growth, we may live to see a flax famine.

The Flora of Harrow, by J. C. Melvill; *with Notices of Birds of the Neighbourhood,* by the Hon.

F. C. Bridgeman and the Hon. G. O. M. Bridgeman; and *of the Butterflies and Moths,* by C. C. Parr and E. Heathfield. (Longman & Co.)—We hail this excellent catalogue of the plants, birds and lepidoptera of Harrow on the Hill with pleasure as one of the first fruits of the movement for the introduction of natural history as a branch of instruction in schools so earnestly set on foot some years ago by Mr. R. Patterson, of Belfast; the authors of this little work being Harrow boys, of whom four are still members of the school and one has recently left it. The work will not only be useful as a stimulus amongst the scholars, but also as a guide to the suburban collector of the plants and animals comprised in its pages, as it may fairly be taken as an exponent of the whole of the metropolitan county of Middlesex; and it is really surprising, notwithstanding the great amount of cultivation of the district dependent on its proximity to the metropolis, how large a number of species of wild plants are to be met with in it. We fear, however, that the publicity hereby given to the localities of various rare species will tend to their destruction; and we cannot but echo the earnest hope expressed in the preface that no Harrovian (or other real collector) will ever give way to that botanical greed which has led so many botanists to extirpate in many parts of England our most unfrequent and interesting species,—a caution only too much needed, since already one of our handsomest flowers, the *Geranium Phœum*, or dusky crane's bill, has disappeared, or nearly so, from a habitat near Harrow in which it was discovered by one of the writers some three years ago; and a London botanist is mentioned (why not named, for shame's sake?) who has made a raid on the beautiful but rare *Fritillaries* which lent such an interest to one or two localities in the neighbourhood of Pinner. In like manner would we protest against the destruction of so many of our pretty feathered friends, caused by the greedy robbery of entire nests of eggs, the collection of which is at the present day such a senseless rage amongst amateurs. Surely partial deprivation of the nest ought to suffice, if robbery be really determined upon. So also the shooting of rare specimens as soon as ever they make their appearance in a neighbourhood cannot be too strongly blamed. Our Australian relations are setting us an example, and showing us the value which they attach to our common English birds which are so barbarously slaughtered by every urchin, boy or man who can obtain possession of a gun. The plants occupy the greatest part of the volume before us, and we notice several interesting entries beyond the mere lists of names and localities; thus the *Veronica Buxbaumii* is stated to be now pretty generally dispersed, although, strange to say, it has only quite recently been known as a British species, and *V. peregrina* (foreign speedwell) has been found at Harrow and Pinner, but in both cases raised from seeds of dried specimens brought from Belfast. This species also, although unknown to the British Flora a few years ago, is now making itself at home in all parts of the country. Our lepidopterous friends will be on the alert at learning that *Vanessa Antiopa* and *Catocala Frazzini* have been taken within the Harrow district.

Stansfield: a Tragedy. By Samuel Drake Roberts. (Kent & Co.)—This play is dedicated "to the Memory of Shakespeare," how far modestly or the reverse, may be gathered from a few lines extracted at haphazard:—

A lovely scene
How passing fair this summer evening is!
And nature, clad in all her brightest hues,
Awaits the first flush of the advancing twilight
In mute expectancy! The tuneful tribes
Pour forth their strains—a very flood of song!
And odours float along the dying airs—
The breath of heaven itself! Scenes like to this,
O England, dear and most beloved country,
Adorn thee with a beauty thine alone!
When younger, I have climbed the Alp and Pyrenees,
Have mounted famed Olympus, and have gazed
With wonderment and awe on holy Sinai,
And viewed with bated breath St. Lawrence thundering
O'er Niagara's perpendicular crags,
And felt the firm earth shake. These are sublimity
Embodied in a palpable shape; but give me
The delicate scenery of my native land:
The green, green lanes, and ever-peaceful valleys;
The cloistered ruins, and the ivied castles;

The ancestral halls, and happy cottage homes :
These, these are hers ; and better far than these,
Such annals ! Oh, my country ! sacred memories
Entwine themselves around the undying records
Pent in a thousand years of national glory,
Which make thee an astonishment to mankind,
And crown thee as the dear-won home of freedom.
England ! thou mother of all-radiating Shakspeare,
If e'er thy children shame thee in that hour,
May grey Westminster's high and hallowed pile
Crumble to gritty dust—resolve to atoms !
May history melt into a shadowless blank,
Nor aught remain to tell of what thou wast
Through the long ages of the wondrous past !

—And here is a sample of Comedy, not, we submit, precisely Shakspearian :—

LANDLORD. Have you an order to give, sir ? I didn't come here to be made a fool of, and I'll not stand it from you, sir ; no, nor a better man ! Do not try it again, or I may lose my temper, and get cross.

ARTHUR. Surely not, my dear fellow !

LANDLORD. Yes, sir—as cross, sir, as a donkey with a hot potato under his tail. There !

ARTHUR. In the mean time, give me leave to consider you a donkey with a cold potato under his tail. However, if I have hurt your feelings, excuse me. And now, O delicate trifle of humanity, what have you got to eat ?

LANDLORD. Cold roast beef, sir.

ARTHUR. Then damn cold roast beef. Go on.

—If we are not deceived, a certain “pig with prune sauce” figured in a play called ‘She Stoops to Conquer,’ by one Oliver Goldsmith. But it is lost labour to break on the wheel creatures as flimsy, and not half so pretty, as butterflies ; and therefore ‘Stansfield’ may be left to the devices and desires of those whom such dramas delight.

Our Reprints include a volume of “English Poets,” consisting of *Early Ballads illustrative of History, Traditions, and Customs*, edited with notes by Robert Bell (Griffin & Co.),—a new edition of *A Romanized Hindustani and English Dictionary*, compiled by Nathaniel Brice (Trübner & Co.),—and a third edition of *The Biglow Papers*, by J. R. Lowell (Hotten). The following Miscellanies may be also announced—*Memoirs of the Geological Survey of Great Britain and of the Practical Geology and Mineral Statistics of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland for the Year 1863, with an Appendix*, by Robert Hunt (Longman),—*Vol. III. of Outlines of Modern Farming, containing Cattle—Sheep—Horses*, by R. S. Burn (Virtue & Co.),—*The Peninsular Campaign and its Antecedents, as Developed by the Report of Major-General McClellan and other published Documents*, by J. G. Barnard (Trübner & Co.),—*The Present and the Proposed State of the Marriage Law Theologically, Morally, Socially, and Legally Considered*, by a Graduate in Classical and Mathematical Honours, Cambridge, of B.D. standing (Hatchard & Co.),—*Intuition or Revelation : a Discourse*, by the Rev. A. Boyd (Seeley),—*Notes on Beauty, Vigour, and Development*, by Milo (Tresidder),—*A few Words about Fruit, Garden, and other Articles of Produce and Food : in a Letter to J. Mayer, Esq. (Liverpool ‘Daily Post’)*,—*The Life of Christ*, by C. Delapryme (Faithfull),—*The Genius of the Gospel*, by the Rev. Mr. Thomas (Jackson),—*The Relations of the Industry of Canada with the Mother Country and the United States*, by Isaac Buchanan, edited by H. J. Morgan (Montreal, Lovell),—and *Histoire de l'Expédition de Cochon Chine en 1861*, par Léopold Pallu (Hachette).

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Aubrey's Topographical Collections of Whitebire, 4to. 50/ cl.
Bulwer's *Wits* will He do with It? 2 vols. 6s. 6d. 3/ cl.
Examination Papers, Engineer Officers, &c., Feb.—June, '64, 1/
Gentle Life, The, Essays, 2d edit. 6s. 6d. cl.
Hensley's Household Devotions, post 8vo. 6s. 6d. cl.
Hooper's Physician's Vade-Mecum, 7th edit. enlarged, 6s. 12s.
Hunter's Book-keeping, Doubly Entry, 12mo. 1/6 cl.
Index to *Times*, 1863, royal 8vo. 7/6 cl.
Lewis's New Grammar for Families, illust. 6s. 2/6 cl.
Pusey's Nine Lectures, German, the Prophet, 8vo. 12/ cl.
Regondi's 600 Songs for German Concertina, roy. 8vo. 4/ canvas.
Robertson's Lectures on Modern History & Biography, 6s. 6d. cl.
Shakspeare's Works, Complete (Dick's Edition), 8vo. 3/ cl.
Shepherd's Argument of St. Paul's Epistle, Vol. 2, Pts. 2 & 3, 7/6 cl.
Webster's Parliamentary Code, 2d edit. royal 12mo. 12s. 6d. cl.
Whitely's Shilling Court-Directory, 1864, 8vo. 1/ and.
Winslow's Midnight Harmonies, 20th thousand, 12mo. 2/6 cl.

THE NEW ADDISON MANUSCRIPT.

It is an odd thing to hear that a manuscript by Addison of portions of three of his essays in the *Spectator* should have been sold by public auction seven or eight years ago, to a retail second-hand bookseller, that the manuscript should be catalogued in the ordinary way, and re-sold to a chance

purchaser, and that the people interested in such matters, and American and English agents, ever on the watch for such peculiar treasures, should unconsciously have let between two and three dozen pages of the handwriting of Addison pass away, or consciously have allowed them to go “for a song.”

A gentleman of Glasgow, Mr. J. D. Campbell, is the possessor of this MS., “an old calf-bound octavo volume,” which he purchased at a shop in King William Street, Strand. The purchase was made in 1858, and in 1864 Mr. Campbell publishes a reprint of his MS. volume of thirty-one pages, which volume, we should add, wants the opening pages of the Essay on Imagination. Those on Jealousy and Fame seem to be perfect. With the text are given fac-similes of the different hands in which the copy is written, of which there are no less than three. It is fair that Mr. Campbell should describe these three hands :—“About thirty-one pages, written on one side of each leaf, in a beautiful print-like hand, would seem to have contained the essays in their first state ; passages having been added by Mr. Addison in his ordinary handwriting, on the blank pages facing the divisions of the original text with which they are connected.” Of the presence of a third handwriting in the MS., Mr. Campbell simply records the fact, gives a fac-simile of it, and adds that he “has made every endeavour to discover the writer, but has been unsuccessful.” Thus, it will be seen, that, of these manuscripts, that of the original text of the Essays is, impliedly, not Addison's, while that of the corrected portions and of the additions is alleged to be his,—saving the few passages which are by the third hand. The writing of the emendated passages assuredly bears a very close resemblance to Addison's, but no safe conclusion can be arrived at till we learn something more of the history of the book. Meanwhile, we may state that we never heard of Addison preparing his Essays for the press in such a troublesome way to himself and others as is here indicated. We can fancy his making a clear copy, or having one made for him, in order to facilitate the work at the printer's, but it would be absurd to suppose that he waited till the fair copy was taken or made, before he proceeded to retouch, erase, or interpolate. This, certainly, was not Addison's method of working. Let us add our conviction that, if the original MS. really comes from Addison, it may be as easily traced as the Chandos Shakspeare portrait can be traced to the possession of Davenant. No possessor of such a relic of one of England's most honoured sons would have willingly parted from it ; and, willing or not, he could not have parted with it profitably, without warranting its authenticity. We do not, for a moment, dispute Mr. Campbell's belief in its genuineness ; but, at present, we are too ignorant of whence the manuscript comes, to enable us authoritatively to declare what it actually is. In the reprint, Mr. Campbell does not even state from whom he made his purchase. It is only since the publication that he has mentioned the fact of his having acquired the manuscript volume at Mr. Skeet's, now Mr. Simpson's. On applying at Mr. Simpson's, the representative of that gentleman informed us that he believed the MS. was bought at a book-sale at Messrs. Sotheby's. After inquiry at the establishment of the Messrs. Sotheby, due search was made, and we are assured that no trace of any such sale can be found in their books.

At this unsatisfactory point the matter stands. It is worth while remembering that pseudography has been as profitable a vocation as the forging of palimpsests or the painting of Raphael's pictures, not by Raphael. It is not so long ago that we had to treat of Byron letters, which wanted nothing of Byron except that they were neither dictated nor written by him. A skilful scribe, unwilling to risk the perils of imitating Addison's hand through three long essays, would be very safe in composing nine-tenths of the whole “in a beautiful print-like hand,” and then adding the corrections “in Mr. Addison's ordinary hand.” The process of copying falsely from the printed papers, and then correcting the errors, as an author might do in revision, to make the emendations agree with the essays in print, would have an air of genuineness, that must impose on all who are not aware that

there are men who are quite as full of knavery as of ability.

In all parts of the world the alleged handwriting of the foremost men is continually coming into the market. Unpublished MS. verses by Dante and Tasso often tempt the unwary. At this very moment, note reaches us from Italy, that a manuscript epic, in twelve books, by Ariosto,—“Rinaldo Arditto,” has just been discovered, and will be speedily published. This may, or may not, be genuine ; but one thing is certain,—namely, that the very cleverest and most honest people are continually being deceived by pseudographs, some of which have been made as much out of wantonness as wickedness. For many years, the family of a noble Marquis has been in possession of a letter, said to be written by the mother of George Herbert, but which was found to be spurious only just in time to save it from appearing as a genuine production in the fifth volume of the *Camden Miscellany*. Our readers will find some reference to this matter under the head of “Library Table.” Recently, an eminent and aged peer was told that some evil-disposed persons were about to publish certain alleged letters of his. “That must be impossible,” he replied, “for since I was a public man I have taken care never to write a letter that would be worth reading !” But who shall say what letters in his handwriting may be yet written for him ? Further, we may add as a fact, that false manuscripts are not only continually in the market, but genuine writings are eagerly withdrawn from it. The publisher who purchased the Rev. Mr. Tierney's library announced for sale in his catalogue, a copy of Cardinal Wiseman's “Last Four Popes,” with numerous manuscript annotations by Mr. Tierney. This announcement must have fluttered some susceptible person, for the book was withdrawn, the first edition of the catalogue was suppressed, and a second was issued, in which no mention was made of Mr. Tierney's copy of Cardinal Wiseman's “Popes,” and the annotations, which are said to have been of a very pungent quality.

DISCOVERIES AT POMPEII.

Naples, July 30, 1864.

JUST two years ago† I communicated to you my good fortune in witnessing, during a visit to Pompeii, the disinterment of a baker's oven, with its full batch of loaves untouched since the moment, eighteen hundred years ago, when they were there deposited by the unforbearing baker, for the sales on that morrow which he was fated never to see. In my present visit I find myself close upon the track of the discovery, hardly less curious, of another of the elements of human life—that of an ancient well, with its waters still as fresh and sparkling as when, on the day of the great catastrophe, the *aquarius* of the house to which it belongs drew from it the supply for the last meal of the doomed family. The well is in the cellar of a house which has been very recently excavated, and in which have been discovered many objects of interest,—especially a small but beautiful statue, of which I shall have occasion to speak later. The well is about sixty-five feet in depth, and still retains about fifteen feet of water. It is surrounded by a low parapet, but in all other respects is quite unprotected, being without cover or other defence ; however, as the entrance to the cellar was completely blocked up with ashes, the well, although open, was perfectly secure from injury, and the water-supply has remained probably undiminished in depth and unaltered in quality since the day of the eruption. Immediately on its discovery Signor Fiorelli caused specimens of the waters to be deposited in the museums of Turin and Naples, and he has kindly permitted me to carry away a phial of it, labelled, with all due authentications—“*Acqua di antica sorgente scoperta in Pompei, il giorno XXIV Maggio, 1864.*” The cellar is of small dimensions, but the approach to the well is rudely decorated with the customary altar of the *Lares*. Looking down upon its long-forgotten depths I could not help recalling Metastasio's pretty conceit—

L'onda dal mare divisa
Mormora sempre e geme ;—

† See *Athenæum*, No. 1817, p. 248.

and imagining to myself how the nymph of this reared-up fountain must have chafed and fretted through all these weary centuries, pining and longing for the day of her release and her return to the mother sea,—

Al mare dove nacque,
Dove acquistò gli amori,
Dove, da lunghi errori,
Spera di riposar.

I have gone over with much curiosity the buildings excavated since my last visit, which derive additional interest from the judicious course pursued in the later excavations, of leaving in each house all the more remarkable objects which may be discovered (except those which would suffer from exposure to the weather), instead of, as formerly, transferring them all to the Museum of Naples. The discoveries of the last two years, although not very numerous, are extremely interesting, and some of them of great value. Many of these have been already described by your Correspondents. I was naturally attracted, in the first instance, to the house of the baker which I had seen disintegrated during my last visit. It is now carefully cleared out, and all its permanent apparatus—as corn-mills, kneading-troughs, flour-bins, &c.—remain in place, the smaller and the more perishable objects—as the measures, the weights, the loaves, the corn, &c.—being placed in the temporary museum which has been formed at Pompeii. The attractions of this house, however, have been eclipsed by those of a similar establishment, immediately adjoining it, which had been discovered, but not fully excavated, before the disinterment of the oven. The second bakery is much larger, and the appointments on a much more extensive scale and in greater variety. The dwelling-house of the owner, too, is much more luxurious. Although connected with the bakehouse, it has a separate entrance, and a double atrium and peristyle, both of which are of more than ordinary extent, and in their size, as well as their decorations, bear witness to the wealth and luxurious tastes of the occupant. Among the relics of this house preserved in the local museum is one which throws a curious light on the domestic arrangements of the Pompeian baker, being no other than one of the dishes which were actually in process of preparation for dinner on the very day of the catastrophe! Upon the cooking-stove in the kitchen was found a stew-pan, half filled with ashes, and in the bottom appeared an indurated mass, which Signor Fiorelli rightly conjectured to have been produced by some of the viands which lay within the pan, and which, although long since decomposed, had left their impress on the now consolidated ashes. Acting upon this happy thought, he applied in this instance the same ingenious process which was so successfully adopted in reproducing that painfully life-like group of human figures, described with such terrible fidelity in one of your former numbers; and the result has fully justified his anticipations, being an exact fac-simile in bronze of a young pig, which was being stewed for the family dinner at the very moment when they were surprised by the stroke of doom.

In connexion with this curious relic, I may mention the discovery of the skeleton of a horse, which, together with two other skeletons of horses found many years ago, has, through the anatomical skill of one of the Members of the Academy, been carefully put together, and placed in one of the rooms. I have had the curiosity to examine the "tooth-marks" of the most recent of these skeletons, and find that the animal was just five years old at the time of the destruction of the city. All these horses were small-sized, but of good shape, and of a type still common in Southern Italy.

You have already recorded the discovery of more than one valuable specimen of ancient Art, and especially of the exquisite bronze Narcissus now in the Naples Museum; but I do not think your readers have been informed of a still more recent acquisition—a small but highly characteristic Silenus, which, as I have already said, was found in the same house in the cellar of which was the bed described above. The figure is about fifteen inches high, and stands upon a circular pedestal of bronze, not unlike an inverted platter, inlaid with arabesques in silver. This admirable Silenus was

evidently a stand, either for a lamp or, more probably, for a glass vase, fragments of which were found close by. He is represented with the legs extended to the utmost, for greater firmness of attitude, and holds high above his head, grasped firmly in his left hand, the bronze ring, in which the vase was intended to rest. The vase may have been meant to hold flowers; or, if one could argue from the air of drunken gravity, and of ludicrous anxiety to guard against the spilling of its contents, which the artist has thrown into the features of Silenus, it might more probably be supposed to be intended, like Mrs. Gilpin's stone-bottles,

To hold the liquor which he loved,
And keep it safe and sound.

Taken as a whole, this Pompeian Silenus, although it substantially preserves all his traditional characteristics—the squat punchy figure, the prominent paunch, the snub nose and distended nostrils, the shaggy hair and beard, the maudlin stare of the eye, and the jolly but stupid good-humour,—is of a higher type than the ordinary Silenus of Grecian art. This may be due in part to the action which the artist has here assigned him, and which necessitates a different rendering. Instead of his traditional occupation of leading the goat, nursing or toying with the infant Bacchus, or sprawling on a half-emptied wine-bag, he is here represented with the unwonted responsibility of maintaining a perpendicular attitude. The figure, although coarse and massive, is full of a lazy muscularity; and the look of preternatural solemnity with which he struggles to preserve his balance is indescribably amusing. Above all, the action of the legs and feet, as they seem literally to feel for a firm hold, is admirably rendered. But great part, also, must be referred to the artist's individual conception of the character, which is evidently higher than the popular one,—at least so far as regards the merely animal representation; for I cannot help thinking that, in studying this remarkable work, it will be felt, that while the artist has elevated the physical type of drunkenness, he has, at the same time, fully maintained its moral grossness and its intellectual shame.

The continuation of the 'Herculanensis Volumina' still slowly progresses. The third fasciculus of the third volume of the new series has just been issued. Like the preceding volume, it contains merely the fac-simile engraving of the papyrus, without translation, commentary, preface, or even transcript in ordinary Greek characters. Probably the editors have done wisely in thus proceeding at once with the publication, without the long delay which the labour of translation and commentary would have induced; but the meagreness of the work (which, however, in this respect only follows our own Oxford editors of 1826) contrasts very unfavourably with the elaborate and exhaustive scholarship of the older editors of the 'Volumina.'

The contents of the new volumes are a further instalment of the interminable Philodemus, and this equally interminable treatise 'De Rhetoricâ,' with a few further fragments of his 'Περὶ Ποικίλων.'

C. W. RUSSELL.

THE HOFBRÄUHAUS.

Munich, August 12, 1864.

THERE is no beer but Bavarian, and the Hofbräuhaus is its temple. Such, at least, is the opinion of Munich. If any one complains of illness, of the climate disagreeing with him, as many people do, the answer is invariably, "But, do you drink Hofbräuhaus? If you do not, you cut yourself off from the only chance of salvation, the source of healing, as Munich calls it. If you do, you may remember the saying of a professed beer-drinker, that death could not touch him as long as he drank Hofbräuhaus." The subject is forced upon me at this present time by a little pamphlet, accompanying some lithographic pictures of the Hofbräuhaus, and professing to contain historical recollections of the Hofbräuhaus from 1589 to 1864. The historical items are meagre, and the details given of present life in the Hofbräuhaus not much fuller. Still, with the help of the pictures and text, and from some personal experience, I hope to add additional detail to my former description.

I do not know if my suggestions have been

adopted either by the author of this pamphlet or by the Government,—perhaps it argues great vanity in me to think it possible. But I certainly asked why some artist did not give us pictures of the Hofbräuhaus, as a pendant to Hogarth's Beer Street; and these lithographic views are a sort of answer. I lamented that the goddess of Munich joy and coolness should not have chosen a fitter dwelling, and I urged that it would have been more genuine, in Mr. Ruskin's sense of the word, if King Ludwig had built a large beer-hall instead of his temples and Italian copies; and the present pamphlet says that the Government intends to build a large drinking-hall, with arcades, &c., which shall fully satisfy the present demand. But the author of the pamphlet is too genuine a Munich, too much a "laudator temporis acti," to approve of any such desecration of the old temple. He says the plan is worthy in itself, but that people have reason to fear the departure of the old good beer with the old Hofbräuhaus. Anyhow he seizes this opportunity to publish his sketches of the old place while it is still in existence, so that they may be compared with the original, and approved before the original has become one of the pleasures of memory. May he find as good beer in the new time coming, and not cease to pick up characters of beer-drinkers and beer-drawers under the new arcades and the new system!

To tell the truth, his large picture of the court of the Hofbräuhaus is grievously flattered. He has not caught the cramped dinginess of the place, the low mediæval look without any mediæval beauties. The building he draws might have dated from the middle of the present century. I flatter myself that my description (which may be found at page 260 of 'Social Life in Munich') had much more resemblance. In the present picture the narrow, close yard is open and airy; gay groups of students and grisettes revel in the copious space in the centre, and the narrow shedding at the side is converted into a decent arcade. It is true that one grisette is sitting on a cask, and another is using a cask for a table, both of which base uses are seen every day in the court of the Hofbräuhaus. And there are some old faces and figures which are easily recognized, though so much of the picture is idealized. But what we want here is naked truth,—no softening away, no distance, with its enchantment. Some of the smaller plates are truer to nature, as there is less attempt in them at general effects and more at individual character. No. 1. is the entry of the brewhouse. Before us we see the kitchen, and a man just coming out with a plate of soup, which will probably be eaten in the entry. The pamphlet itself advises people not to push through the crowd with plates or dishes in their hands, and this first picture shows us that the advice is very apt to be followed. A soldier is eating his dinner in a standing position, talking to a Kellnerinn. Another diner has been fortunate enough to find a dresser to rest his plate on, while two others have taken refuge on the stairs, and are sitting there with their plates on their knees and their forks poised in the German fashion. Plate 2. leads us on to the tap, where a crowd of people with beer-mugs are jostling each other and listening for the name or number of their mugs. You must look out a mug for yourself either on the stand or in the fountain where they are reposing, wash it, look at its number, and take it to the bar. The other four pictures show us the room in which the guests sit in winter, for in summer the court is the general place of resort. The rooms nearest to the bar are the favourite ones for learned men—writers, doctors, professors, artists,—many of whom pass all their evenings in the Hofbräuhaus. After this comes the popular room, which is the largest of all, and close by a smaller room called the chapel, because people used to sing in it, or billiard-room, "though," as the author of the pamphlet remarks, "you look in vain for a billiard-table." Perhaps the name is given for the same reason that impelled George Robins, when he called a small garret-room a billiard-room, because you had to stoop in it as you would when playing billiards. But all the rooms have the same character,—low, vaulted, heavy chambers, whether you listen to the professors who are discussing Schleswig-Holstein, or herd

with the people and make vain guesses at their ultra-Bavarian dialect. Happy place, where the only difference between winter and summer is that in the first you eat your dinner on the stairs, in the second you sit on a cask in the yard and buy radishes from an itinerant vender! Unfortunately, the names of all the characters, the humours of the place, the titles of the beer-mugs themselves are imbedded in such a formation of the closest Bavarian dialect that it is quite impossible to translate them, and if it needs a very thorough knowledge of the *patois* to know their meaning, it needs a considerable amount of German to have even a faint appreciation of their peculiar flavour.

And now a few words on the history of the Hofbräuhaus. Till the year 1589 there was only a Court brewery of white beer in Munich; the white beer was a monopoly of the sovereign, and every landlord who sold brown beer was compelled to take a certain quantity of white beer from the Court brewery. But, at that time, the brewing of white beer was carried on to such an extent that the buildings which now serve for brewing white and brown were then monopolized by the white alone; and that the brewers need not leave their work, a chapel was built in the brewery for their use, and the brewers themselves raised money, by subscription, for an altar and an altar-piece. In 1589, a brewery was built in the old fortress for brown beer, but the brewery was transferred, at the beginning of the eighteenth century, to its present place, and at the beginning of the nineteenth the old building was renewed, and made into its present form. It was not till the year 1828 that the brewery was thrown open to the public. It had served till then for the carousals of court funkeys, and a few other favoured guests; but, with the beginning of the reign of King Ludwig, after the abolition of the monopoly which compelled all Munich landlords to buy their white beer from the Court brewery, the public was allowed to enter, and from that time there has been a succession of "hereditary guests," who have always remained faithful to the favoured place. It is strange that, in the many panegyrics one reads on King Ludwig, this fact is left out of sight. One would think Munich people would be more grateful to him for giving them good beer, and supplying them with a perpetual "haunt and main region," than for all his temples and churches, which they appreciate so little. I was travelling last year in a diligence by the side of two Germans, and one began to ask the other about the attractions of Munich. One of his first questions was, "Where does one get good beer?" The other's reply was very long and very copious in detail, but as I was not sufficiently interested in the enumeration of various breweries and taverns, I am sorry to say I have forgotten it. Not so the stranger. It was evidently graven in his memory, and he at once remarked with touching naïveté, "I confess to you that I shall not go much out of my way to see the galleries and churches in Munich; my chief object while I am there will be to taste the beer."

E. W.

A BUDGET OF PARADOXES. (No. XVIII. 1847—1849.)

Aerial Navigation; containing a description of a proposed flying machine, on a new principle. By Dedalus Britannicus. London, 1847, 8vo.

In 1842-43 a Mr. Henson had proposed what he called an aeronaut steam-engine, and a Bill was brought in to incorporate an "Aerial Transit Company." The present plan is altogether different, the moving power being the explosion of mixed hydrogen and air. Nothing came of it—not even a Bill. What the final destiny of the balloon may be no one knows; it may reasonably be suspected that difficulties will at last be overcome. Darwin, in his "Botanic Garden" (1781), has the following prophecy:—

Soon shall thy arm, unconquered Steam! afar
Drag the slow barge, or drive the rapid car;
Or, on wide-waving wings expanded, bear
The flying chariot through the fields of air.

Darwin's contemporaries, no doubt, smiled pity on the poor man. It is worth note that the two true prophecies have been fulfilled in a sense different from that of the predictions. Darwin was thinking of

the suggestion of Jonathan Hulls, when he spoke of dragging the slow barge: it is only very recently that the steam-tug has been employed on the canals. The car was to be driven, not drawn, and on the common roads. Perhaps, the flying chariot will be something of a character which we cannot imagine, even with the two prophecies and their fulfilments to help us.

A book for the public. *New Discovery*. The causes of the circulation of the blood; and the true nature of the planetary system. London, 1848, 8vo.

Light is the sustainer of motion both in the earth and in the blood. The natural standard, the pulse of a person in health, four beats to one respiration, gives the natural second, which is the measure of the earth's progress in its daily revolution. The Greek fable of the Titans is an elaborate exposition of the atomic theory: but any attempt to convince learned classics would only meet their derision; so much does long-fostered prejudice stand in the way of truth. The author complains bitterly that men of science will not attend to him and others like him: he observes, that "in the time occupied in declining, a man of science might test the merits." This is, alas! too true; so well do applicants of this kind know how to stick on. But every rule has its exception: I have heard of one. The late Lord Spencer—the Lord Althorp of the House of Commons—told me that a speculator once got access to him at the Home Office, and was proceeding to unfold his way of serving the public. "I do not understand these things," said Lord Althorp, "but I happen to have — (naming an eminent engineer) upstairs; suppose you talk to him on the subject." The discoverer went up, and in half-an-hour returned, and said, "I am very much obliged to your Lordship for introducing me to Mr. —; he has convinced me that I am quite wrong." I supposed, when I heard the story—but it would not have been seemly to say it—that Lord A. perspired candour and sense, which infected those who came within reach: he would have done so, if anybody.

A method to trisect a series of angles having relation to each other; also another to trisect any given angle. By James Sabben. 1848 (two quarto pages). "The consequence of years of intense thought": very likely, and very sad.

1848. The following was sent to me in manuscript. I give the whole of it:—

Quadrature of the Circle.—A quadrant is a curvilinear angle traversing round and at an equal distance from a given point, called a centre, no two points in the curve being at the same angle, but irreputiously graduating from 90 to 60. It is therefore a mean angle of 90 and 60, which is 75, because it is more than 60, and less than 90, approximately from 60 to 90, and from 90 to 60, with equal generation in each irreputious approximation, therefore meeting in 75, and which is the mean angle of the quadrant.

Or, suppose a line drawn from a given point at 90, and from the same point a line at 60. Let each of these lines revolve on this point toward each other at an equal ratio. They will become one line at 75, and bisect the curve, which is one-sixth of the entire circle. The result, taking 16 as a diameter, gives an area of 201.072400, and a circumference of 50.2681.

The original conception, its natural harmony, and the result, to my own mind is a demonstrative truth, which I presume it right to make known, though perhaps at the hazard of unpleasant if not uncourteous remarks.

I have added punctuation: the handwriting and spelling are those of an educated person; the word *irreputious* is indubitable. The whole is a natural curiosity.

The quadrature and exact area of the circle demonstrated. By Wm. Peters. 8vo. n. d. (circa 1848). Suggestions as to the necessity for a revolution in philosophy; and prospectus for the establishment of a new quarterly, to be called the *Physical Philosopher* and *Heterodox Review*. By Q. E. D. 8vo. 1848.

These works are by one author, who also published, as appears by advertisement,

'Newton rescued from the precipitancy of his followers through a century and a half,' and 'Dangers along a coast by correcting' (as it is called) a ship's reckoning by bearings of the land at night fall, or in a fog, nearly out of print. Subscriptions are requested for a new edition.

The area of a circle is made four-fifths of the circumscribed square: proved on an assumption which it is purposed to explain in a longer essay. The author, as Q. E. D., was in controversy with the *Athenæum* journal, and criticized a correspondent, D., who wrote against a certain class of discoverers. He believed the common theories of hydrostatics to be wrong, and one of his questions was—

"Have you ever taken into account anent gravity and

gravitation the fact that a five grain cube of cork will of itself half sink in the water, whilst it will take 20 grains of brass, which will sink of itself, to pull under the other half? Fit this if you can, friend D., to your notions of gravity and specific gravity, as applied to the construction of a universal law of gravitation."

This the *Athenæum* published—but without some Italics, for which the editor was sharply reproved, as a sufficient specimen of the *quod erat D. monstrandum*: on which the author remarks—"D.—Wherefore the e caret? is it D apostrophe! D', D'M, D'Mo, D'Monstrandum; we cannot find the wit of it." This I conjecture to contain an allusion to the name of the supposed author; but whether De Mocritus, De Mosthenes, or De Moivre was intended, I am not willing to decide.

The Scriptural Calendar and Chronological Reformer, for the statute year 1849. Including a review of recent publications on the Sabbath question. London, 1849, 12mo.

This is the almanac of a sect of Christians who keep the Jewish Sabbath, having a chapel at Mill Yard, Goodman's Fields. They wrote controversial works, and perhaps do so still; but I never chanced to see one.

Geometry versus Algebra; or the trisection of an angle geometrically solved. By W. Upton, B.A. Bath (circa 1849). 8vo.

The author published two tracts under this title, containing different alleged proofs: but neither gives any notice of the change. Both contain the same preface, complaining of the British Association for refusing to examine the production. I suppose that the author, finding his first proof wrong, invented the second, of which the Association never had the offer; and, feeling sure that they would have equally refused to examine the second, thought it justifiable to present that second as the one which they had refused. Mr. Upton has discovered that the common way of finding the circumference is wrong, would set it right if he had leisure, and, in the mean time, has solved the problem of the duplication of the cube.

The trisection of an angle, if he demand attention from any mathematician, is bound to produce, from his construction, an expression for the sine or cosine of the third part of any angle, in terms of the sine or cosine of the angle itself, obtained by help of no higher than the square root. The mathematician knows that such a thing cannot be; but the trisectioner virtually says it can be, and is bound to produce it, to save time. This is the misfortune of most of the solvers of the celebrated problems, that they have not knowledge enough to present those consequences of their results by which they can be easily judged. Sometimes they have the knowledge, and quibble out of the use of it. In many cases a person makes an honest beginning and presents what he is sure is a solution. By conference with others he at last feels uneasy, fears the light, and puts self-love in the way of it. Dishonesty sometimes follows. The speculators are, as a class, very apt to imagine that the mathematicians are in fraudulent confederacy against them: I ought rather to say that each one of them consents to the mode in which the rest are treated, and fancies conspiracy against himself. The mania of conspiracy is a very curious subject. I do not mean these remarks to apply to the author before me.

One of Mr. Upton's trisections, if true, would prove the truth of the following equation:—

$$3 \cos \frac{\theta}{3} = 1 + \sqrt{(4 - \sin \theta)}$$

which is certainly false.

In 1852 I examined a terrific construction, at the request of the late Dr. Wallich, who was anxious to persuade a poor countryman of his that trisection of the angle was waste of time. One of the principles was, that "magnitude and direction determine each other." The construction was equivalent to the assertion that, θ being any angle, the cosine of its third part is

$$\sin 3\theta \cdot \cos \frac{5\theta}{2} + \sin 2\theta \sin \frac{5\theta}{2}$$

divided by the square root of

$$\sin^2 3\theta \cos^2 \frac{5\theta}{2} + \sin^2 4\theta + \sin 3\theta \cdot \sin 5\theta \cdot \sin 2\theta$$

This is from my rough notes, and I believe it is correct. It is so nearly true, unless the angle be very obtuse, that common drawing, applied to the

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construction, will not detect the error. There are many formulas of this kind; and I have several times found a speculator who has discovered the corresponding construction, has seen the approximate success of his drawing—often as great as absolute truth could give in graphical practice,—and has then set about his demonstration, in which he always succeeds to his own content.

There is a trisection of which I have lost both cutting and reference: I think it is in the *United Service Journal*. I could not detect any error in it, though certain there must be one. At least I discovered that two parts of the diagram were incompatible unless a certain point lay in line with two others, by which the angle to be trisected—and which was trisected—was bound to be either 0° or 180° .

A. DE MORGAN.

OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP.

THE most interesting and characteristic work of the philosophic shoemaker, poet, and fisherman of St. Boswell's, John Younger, whose 'River Angler' was reviewed in our last number, is still unpublished, viz., his *Autobiography and Correspondence*, "which, with judicious editorial pruning," says a Correspondent, "might occupy a good-sized octavo volume. The MS. is in pledge, I believe," adds our informant, "for a small sum, and is well worth redeeming. Several of the letters are among the finest in the English language, and the autobiography opens up, in a masterly way, several vistas of Scottish peasant life, both dark and sunny. Could not a subscription be got up, among John's numerous rich, learned, liberal, titled and untitled friends, to purchase and publish these remains?"

Messrs. Tinsley Brothers have in the press, 'A Mission to the King of Dahomi: being a Three Months' Residence at the Court of His Majesty, with a full description of the Manners and Customs of the Country,' by Capt. R. F. Burton; 'The Married Life of Anne of Austria,' from unpublished sources, &c., by Miss Freer; and during the autumn the same firm will publish Mr. Sala's 'Diary of his Residence in the United States.'

A sound as of that of the old, pleasant, and peculiarly play-going time, reaches us from Drury Lane. There, Shakespeare is about to run a new and splendid course. "Old Drury" will indeed, open its approaching campaign with the 'Henry the Fourth' which was one of the great features of last season; but this will only be by way of introduction, as it were, to the Second Part of the same chronicle play, which is to follow. In October, 'Cymbeline' will be restored, with great magnificence, to the stage; Miss Helen Faucit returning to it to enact Imogen. Mr. Phelps will play his old part of Posthumus, and Mr. Creswick is happily cast for Iachimo. Still true to Shakespeare, Messrs. Falconer and Chatterton will next produce 'Macbeth,' in a style of great scenic grandeur, and with all the appliances of Lock's music and the choruses. Miss Faucit and Mr. Phelps will sustain the principal characters. This speaks of bustling times in Shakspearian revivals; added to which, there will be a new romantic play, by Mr. Theodore Martin, the heroine of which will be acted by Miss Faucit. For the after part of the season, the prospect is equally brilliant.

Mr. Thomas Purnell states, with regard to the manuscript of Scott's 'Kenilworth':—

"August 22, 1864.

"A portion of the MS. now before me was lately exhibited in the temporary museum formed by the Archaeological Institute at Warwick. The fragment consists of folios 3 to 13 inclusive; or, from the middle of Chapter I., 'to recollect himself,' 'What, no relation to Michael Lambourne,' &c., down to 'by some indescribable title the master of Cumnor Manor.' The possessor, Mr. David Laing, librarian to the Signet Library in Edinburgh, exhibited, on the same occasion, folios 15 to 33 of the original MS. of 'A Legend of Montrose.'"

A memorial is about to be erected by subscription over the grave of John Clare, at Helpston, near Market Deeping. The second Earl Spencer granted the poet a pension of 10*l.* per annum for life,

which annuity will be continued by the present Earl to the widow. The new edition of Clare's Poems about to be published by Mr. Whittaker, will be illustrated with views from photographs by Mrs. Higgins, of Stamford, the profits being given to the fund forming for the benefit of Mrs. Clare, the 'Patty of the Vale' whose affection inspired so many of the poet's earlier pieces.

A few earnest students of Syrian antiquities are said to be considering plans for starting either a society or a fund for more systematic excavation in the East. We are very glad to hear it. Notwithstanding the many books which have been written about it, Palestine is all but unbroken ground. The past is buried in the soil, as Nineveh, as Carthage, as Cnidus were until the other day. Take Jerusalem as an instance of what we mean. Next to Bethlehem and Nazareth, the city of Jerusalem is the most sacred spot of the earth, and a clear idea of its localities is necessary to a true understanding of the Scripture histories. Have we any such clear idea? Alas! no. We see four hills: we know that these hills are Zion, Moriah, Gareb and Bezetha; but as to which is Zion, which Moriah, which Gareb, we are utterly at fault. The most sacred sites are subject to dispute. We feel sure that David's Tomb is in the wrong place. We have doubts about the House of Pilate. Some very able critics deny the authenticity of the Holy Sepulchre—contending that the true Church of the Sepulchre is the magnificent edifice known as the Mosque of Omar. In a few months the spade would settle all these disputes. We have only to ascertain the course of the second wall to be perfectly certain as to whether the present Church of the Holy Sepulchre is a monkish fraud, and this course could be ascertained with speed by any one who would excavate. The foundations of the walls remain in the earth, encased in a soft, dry covering of limestone dust. They will remain intact for a thousand years to come, if no one takes the trouble to dig about them; ready to tell their secrets, and to set right our histories, to the very first comer who brings with him—instead of a note-book and a pencil—a pick and spade. No one will deny the importance of such works; yet from their very nature they are such as an English Government would not dream of undertaking at the public cost. The results would not be tangible and visible; they could not be exhibited in the British Museum. A Government may be asked to spend money in digging for Art, but not to do the same in mining for truth. But individuals may be found willing to contribute for the more intellectual—we may almost say, the spiritual—ends proposed.

Mr. Stanford has added to his long list of well-executed geographical maps, one of railway London as it now is, is being made, and is likely to be. This map is large, full, and clear, and it affords an excellent idea of what is being done just now with the old city and the suburbs. When these lines are all in full activity, an invalid will be able to ride in an easy carriage in and about, over and under, the great metropolis, the whole day through, and see more of its general features in that day than he could otherwise have seen in a month. There will be some little excitement about it, of course. Even a stout-hearted individual might draw in his breath at the idea that six hundred trains daily pass Clapham Junction, and that life and limb depend very much on such vigilance as may be left in over-worked officials. The omnibuses feel the competition of the railways severely, and by way of winning the public, go slower, stop oftener, and wait about longer than ever. Their masters are like Cobbett, who, when people left off taking his *Gazette* at 6*d.*, raised it to 8*d.*, and when this brought him no more purchasers, he fixed the tariff at a shilling!

Miss Thomas has a "last word" to say respecting her controversy with her publisher:—

"Wendling, East Dereham, Aug. 24, 1864.

"I was out of town when Mr. Maxwell's uncourteous reply to my simple statement of the truth appeared in the *Athenæum*. I am, indeed, singularly unfortunate. While it would have been to my advantage that his 'bargains with me should have resulted in the gain of a penny to him,' they did not do so, if his statement is to be

relied upon. Now, when the success of the novel he bought of me for the price of 'one' and has since beaten out into 'two' volumes is detrimental both to my new novel, 'Denis Donne,' and my own interests with my new publishers, Mr. Maxwell advertises that crude early story prominently as being in a second edition.—I am, &c.,

"ANNIE THOMAS."

By the recent death of Miss Jane Hill, the sister of the late General Lord Hill, at the age of ninety-three, another link between two ages is broken. Miss Hill preserved many recollections of the notable persons of the last century, particularly of Lord Erskine, Lord Kenyon, Mrs. Montague, and others, by the publication of which, the social history of that time will, we hope, receive pleasant illustration.

The author of 'A Complete History of the Great Flood at Sheffield' naturally protests against being called names, to which he cannot answer. We inadvertently referred to him as "Mr. Richardson." The correct name is *Harrison*.

Will not the proper Scottish authorities look over the so-called relics of the alleged period of Mary Stuart, now exhibited in the room at Holyrood, where Rizzio was seized by the conspirators? They sadly require new cataloguing, though that process would indeed deprive them of all their interest. For instance, the boots, called Darnley's, are of the time of William the Third. Three or four bits of armour, including an iron "pot," assigned to the same unlucky owner, really date from the period of the Commonwealth. To the same period belongs the Highland Target, which is also described as Darnley's. Of the two tables, both of which are "supposed" to have been used by Mary on the night of the murder, one is of the fashion of "great Nassau's" reign, the other is a little older. In Mary's bed-chamber, there is a work-box, the ornamental part of which is said to have been worked by Mary when a child. But this is undoubtedly a lady's creditable needle-work of Charles the Second's reign. The glove in this box is given to Darnley; but the gift is very gratuitous. As for the chair in the outer chamber, the embroidery of which is asserted to be Mary's handiwork, the carving of the chair is certainly not of an earlier date than the reign of Charles the Second. The Scottish official mind has not, it seems, been impressed by the appeals for the removal of these spurious relics, addressed to it repeatedly by many of the leading artists and best skilled antiquaries in the Scottish capital. In these days, when the rail carries a hundred to Edinburgh where the old coach barely carried one, it is in proportion more important that correctness should be observed in these matters which are tacked on to personal histories with which they have no connexion. Rather than assign unfounded descriptions, it would be better to let the relics go unnamed, as is done with the large, heavy square of marble in the Rizzio room.

Mr. and Mrs. German Reed bring their season to a conclusion this evening. The recess will not be a long one. On the 1st of September the "Gallery" will open again, with an "Opera di Camera entertainment," the music by Mr. Balfe.

The pickaxe is destroying the old landmarks and the humble homes of some of the great men of England, in bygone days. We associate Milton and the Barbican together, but there will soon be no trace of the former in this, his old dwelling-place; for the *Faugh a ballagh!* "Clear the way!" of builders and contractors is demolishing the house and school-room of the great poet. The ignorance rather than indifference of the public has incited the Foreman of the Works (Mr. Dunne) to announce that they who would fain look on the last London relics of him who sang of Paradise had better do it speedily, or forego the sad pleasure, for ever. Such persons would do well, also, to take a last look at Goldsmith's Green Arbour Court. It will soon belong only to memory, and pilgrims will look in vain for the old "Breakneck steps" by which the court was gained on the west side, and which marked a portion of the steep face of Old London Wall.

A Mr. Booth has patented a plan for protection

to railway travellers, by means of a rail and continuous landing, which would simply permit a traveller to pass outside from one carriage to another. To travellers generally, this plan does not seem to offer any great additional means of providing for their safety. Mr. Booth is not clear in any of his statements. For instance, he says, "My proposition is, that those railway companies who shall approve of my scheme, be at liberty, under my direction, at their own cost, to attach the same to a few carriages on trial." To attach a scheme to a few carriages on trial does not assume a promising aspect, except in Mr. Booth's eyes. He adds with remarkable clearness, that "if it" (the scheme) "be adopted ultimately, it shall be subject to a licence or royalty, annually, of ten shillings for each carriage to which it is applied, also," (that is, the scheme shall be subject also,) to "two free passes during the time and over the line of rail upon which the said patent is used." We do not see the use of a scheme having two free passes, but the patentee probably wishes that he and a friend may go, free, — and easy.

The continued practices of the French authorities with reference to book-parcels forwarded from England (through France) to countries beyond, may be expected to affect the carrying trade, as far as this literary freightage is concerned. Book-parcels from London consigned to foreign publishers, are liable to be opened at the French railway, *in transitu*, and forfeiture is made of obnoxious volumes which are designed for persons beyond the French frontier. Remonstrance will surely check this dishonest abuse of power.

The clergymen who, ever and anon, advertise their offer to subdue the savagery of refractory and ill-grained boys of all ages, have a chance given them of which they might well avail themselves. The Educational Society of Lyons offers a gold medal, worth 400 francs, for the best essay (in whatever language written) which shall effectively describe the "grave inconveniences" which result from a want of respect in children and young people for their parents, and which shall point to the cause and suggest a successful remedy. The terms are harder than the offerers of the prize imagine.

At this dull season of the year, extremely aged persons, the centenarians especially, are obstinately turning up again, with marvellous melons and Brobdingnagian pumpkins. The French papers have been, for some time, burying, or rather raising, a defunct lady, who is said to have been 106 years, 3 months and 10 days old, when she died, a few months ago. Consequently, we are told, Jeanne Barbe Castenet was born in the reign of Louis the Fifteenth, in the year of the Battle of Rosbach and of the attempt at regicide by Damiens. This "consequently," however, is not logically arrived at. Because a woman is said to be in her 107th year, she was not, *therefore*, born in the year of the Battle of Rosbach. If there were proof of the birth then, we would admit her full age, "consequently," now. The French journals add that this old lady had, for many years, existed on nothing but garlic and young onions. Ladies who wish to attain great age are, nevertheless, "cautioned."

SCIENCE

The Utilization of Minute Life: being Practical Studies on Insects, Crustacea, Mollusca, Worms, Polypes, Infusoria, and Sponges. By Dr. T. L. Phipson. (Groombridge & Sons.)

THE name of this book is likely to mislead with regard to its contents. On first reading the title we thought it must refer to minute organisms, and that the beings to be utilized were creatures to be detected by the aid of the microscope. In our mind's eye we were led to expect that the Desmidiæ and minute confervæ which make green our waters, could henceforth be devoted to making green pea-soup: that some method had been discovered of rendering the minute siliceous skeletons of the Diatomacæ available for scouring-paper or polishing stones. We hoped that other minute fungi

besides Ergotetia might have been found available in medicine, and that Dr. Phipson had in store for us a repertory of uses for the minute forms of animal and vegetable life. Judge of our surprise, then, in turning to these pages, that we simply find an account of the uses to which invertebrate animals are devoted. Thus, we have an account of the uses of insects, of silk, wax, honey, galls, cochineal, cantharides, and other insect products. Then come the crustacea, the mollusca, the worms, the polypes, the infusoria, and the sponges. In looking over the pages of the work, we do not find much that is new; at the same time, we must acknowledge that we have met with no errors, and can recommend Dr. Phipson as an accurate and industrious compiler. One great object of the author has been to introduce to his readers the best method of cultivating the various forms of invertebrate animals that are useful to man, and we think Dr. Phipson would have made a more useful book had he confined himself to this object, and omitted some of the details he has given, and with which all are more or less familiar who have visited the South Kensington Museum, or heard the Lectures delivered there by the late Superintendent of the Animal Product Department.

Dr. Phipson's account of the culture of oysters is interesting:—

"A model plan for breeding oysters may be seen in the lake of Fusaro, in Italy, where mussels and oysters are cultivated with much success—where almost the entire quantity of spawn is developed without loss. That oysters can be transported from one coast to another, and that oyster-beds can be artificially produced, on coasts which are deprived of them, was proved by an Englishman more than a hundred years ago. Guided by his knowledge and his own researches, M. Coste lately proposed to the French Government to form a chain of oyster-beds all along the western coasts of France. Several beds exist there at present, but most of them are falling to decay, and others are completely exhausted. M. Coste has already commenced operations. He gets fresh oysters for propagation from the open sea; he turns to advantage those that are rejected by the trade; and, lastly, he collects the myriads of embryo oysters which, at each spawning season, issue from the valves of the oyster, and which are now lost to commerce for want of some contrivance to prevent their escape and inevitable destruction. Every oyster, I have stated, produces from one to two million of young; out of these not more than ten or twelve attach themselves to their parent's shell; all the rest are dispersed, perish in the mud, or are devoured by fish! Now if bundles made of the branches of trees, faggots of brushwood, or any similar objects, be let down and secured to the oyster banks by weights, the young oysters will, on issuing from the parent's valves, attach themselves to these faggots, and may on attaining perfect growth, be taken up with the branches, and transported to places where it is desirable to establish new oyster-beds."

The success of these methods of culture in France ought to induce more extended efforts in England. Here our Government can hardly interfere. But why should we not have a Piscicultural Society to take up the whole subject of the growth and production of fish, meeting in our seaport towns and diffusing information in the same way as our agricultural and other associations? Here is an account of the commencement of oyster-dredging in one of the rivers of France:—

"The opening of the oyster fisheries at the mouth of the river Auray, in France, coincided on the 30th of September, 1861, with the meeting of the Agricultural Society of the province, presided over by the Princess Baccocchi. At two o'clock in the afternoon, 220 fishing boats, covered with flags and flowers of all descriptions, sailed out to the oyster-beds, in presence of an immense concourse of people, which had spread itself over

the bridges, along the quays, on the side of the mountain Du Loch, and all along the port of Auray, the weather being magnificent. The boats anchored on the Plessex bed, about half a mile from the port, and commenced dredging. In the short space of one hour the product of this fishing amounted to 350,000 oysters. In the evening the little town of Auray was illuminated, and dancing kept up out of doors to a late hour by the peasants and the fishermen. It is the first time that the culture of the oyster has been thus brilliantly inaugurated. Some days after this little fête, 320 fishing-boats, carrying 1200 men, began dredging off the same beds. Twenty millions of oysters had been brought into port when I commenced this chapter."

Dr. Phipson states that the various forms of crustacea can be reared artificially; and this proposition is so reasonable and so likely to be of advantage to the poor fishermen along our coasts that we regret that he has done nothing more than allude to the subject.

Dr. Phipson does not refer to some of the more recent experiments on the culture of varieties of silkworms in France. This is a subject deserving attention in England, as there is reason to hope that although the common silkworm is reared with difficulty other species of moth might be introduced that would repay culture. An experiment of an interesting kind has been recently tried in Italy:—

"Some experimenters have endeavoured to make the silkworm produce silk ready dyed. On this point we know that when certain colouring matters extracted from the vegetable kingdom are mixed with the food of animals they are absorbed without decomposition and colour the bones and tissues of the body. Starting from this fact Messrs. Barri and Alessandrini, in Italy, sprinkled certain organic colouring matters over the mulberry-leaves on which the silkworms were feeding. M. Roulin, in France, employed in the same way the colouring matter known as *chica*. These attempts have met with partial success only, up to the present time; but they deserve to be continued. Coloured cocoons were thus produced several times. Some observers assert, however, that the silk was not really secreted in a coloured state, but that the colouring matter sprinkled on the leaves merely adhered to the body of the grub, and coloured the cocoon mechanically during its construction. This appears to be the reason why the coloured silk that was obtained in these experiments was neither uniform in tint nor of a good colour. Others, however, still persist in a contrary opinion. M. Roulin commenced his experiments by sprinkling indigo over the mulberry-leaves, and obtained blue cocoons; he then experimented with *chica*, a fine red dye extracted from the *Bigonia chica*, which the Indians of Orenoco employ to dye their skin, and obtained cocoons of a red colour, with a tolerably uniform tint, and of a permanent dye. He still continues these investigations, hoping to obtain silk ready dyed of all kinds of colours."

Although our author has devoted but small space to the truly minute life discovered by the microscope he has an interesting chapter on the effects produced by infusorial animalcules on the surface of the earth. From this chapter we give the following account of infusorial deposits:—

"In the lakes of Sweden there are vast layers of iron oxide almost exclusively built up by animalcules. This kind of iron-stone is called lake-ore. In winter the Swedish peasant, who has but little to do in that season, makes holes in the ice of a lake, and with a long pole brings up mud, &c., until he comes upon an iron bank. A kind of sieve is then let down to extract the ore. One man can raise in this manner about one ton per diem. Besides the excellent polishing material furnished by these infusorial deposits, Liebig has recently drawn attention to another application of which they are susceptible. His observations were made upon an infusorial deposit which constitutes the under soil of the commons or plains of Lüneburg, in Germany; and he has shown that these microscopic remains, as well as those taken from several

other localities, are known as siliceous, and consist of a cent. of pure silica, and a small amount of calcareous matter. The milk of lime is a quarter of a quart, now containing insoluble iron vessels of 1-15. The earth is alkaline. If by any means the glass ob-

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other localities, can be very easily converted into silicate of potash or silicate of soda, sometimes known as 'soluble glass.' It was first ascertained by analysis that this infusorial earth contained 87 per cent. of pure silica. The following method was then adopted to convert it into silicate of soda:—148 lbs. of calcined carbonate of soda are dissolved in five times their weight of boiling water; to this is added a milk of lime prepared with 84 pounds of quicklime. After boiling the mixture for ten minutes or a quarter of an hour, the alkaline liquid, which now contains caustic soda, is decanted off from the insoluble carbonate of lime, and evaporated in an iron vessel, until it has acquired a specific gravity of 1.15. At this moment 240 lbs. of the infusorial earth is added. The latter dissolves rapidly in the alkaline solution, and leaves scarcely any residue. If by any accident a smaller quantity of infusorial earth than that prescribed be taken, the soluble glass obtained is too alkaline and very deliquescent."

From these extracts it will be seen that Dr. Phipson has written a very readable book, and one that will interest all who are engaged in promoting the branches of industry dependent on the lower animals. The work is also illustrated with woodcuts which render the text more instructive and readily understood.

Sight and Touch: an Attempt to Disprove the Received (or Berkeleyan) Theory of Vision.
By T. K. Abbott, M.A. (Longman & Co.)

PEOPLE should be restrained by injunction, or *mandamus*, or *quo warranto*, or at least by decent consideration for their fellow creatures, from publishing on fundamental points of psychology in the dog-days. With Fahrenheit nearly as high as Consols, we have had to read a laboured argument upon one of the toughest subjects which philosophy has ever vexed man's brain withal. But that mercy which the author did not show to us, we will show to our readers: it will be sketchy, and not profound. And if the heat should abate before this appears, there is no great harm done.

We all see; but *how* do we see? We all see something: *what* do we see? Why, we see what we see, to be sure. Well, but what is that? Fiddle! would be the indignant answer from many. Now we should not have introduced such a shocking vulgarism, if we had not had learned authority; and in fairly arriving at it we disinterested a curious point.

Our object was to see what people said about vision in the generation before Locke: and so we consulted Plempius, or, to give him full due, Vopiscus Fortunatus Plempius Amstelredamensis, author of the 'Ophthalmographia,' of which the third edition was of 1659, the author being then alive. He tells us that the objects which give colour, taste, &c. are like gold seals, which give off an impression without giving off any gold; and these impressions, which are forms without matter, are what the learned call species, or images. If, says he, any one dislike the word *species*, he may call it *scindapsus* (say *skindapsus*) if he please, so long as he means the same thing. Now this is a word of which we shall only get the sense here intended from Suidas, who says that "*blectyris*, which they also call *scindapsus*, are a stop-gap, or complement of words without meaning." He adds that the second word is with some a musical instrument, and the first the sound of a string. But other writers describe the *scindapsus* as a four-stringed instrument played with a quill or feather (*penna*),—as near to a fiddle as need be. Accordingly the Greeks said *Fiddle* when they wanted to put in a mere word; and so may we; and further, the Irish will perceive that if they did not use *bletherumskate* in full, they had something very like the first part of the word.

So far as most readers are concerned, the question is disposed of: but your philosopher will not be scindapsically put down. He observes that different people appear to have common sources of impression on the eyes, see the same things: do they see *the things*, or some representative images? He observes also that two different senses, sight and touch, may receive accordant impressions at one time: do we see and touch the same thing? The theory of Locke upon these points naturally enough gave rise to the theory of Berkeley and Collier, in which there are not any *things* at all, but the common source of all things impresses our organs without any intermediate agent. The doctrine of ideas thus propounded was closely connected with the celebrated theory of vision, which makes *sight* a gay deceiver, kept within bounds by that grave, solid fellow *touch*. According to Berkeley, we could not have learnt distance without touch; Mr. Abbott sets himself to oppose this conclusion. He thinks that Berkeley's theory is universally received: we are inclined to doubt this. We admit that most writers are in favour of it, or of some modification of it; but there are many thinking persons who absolutely dissent, and crowds who do not admit. Mr. John Mill has stated the Berkeleyan theory in its most naked form: he says that the sensations of sight are merely colours variously arranged, and changes of colour; and that all else is inference,—the work of the intellect, not of the eye. The intellect is made to proceed upon the consequences both of sight and touch: sight alone, it is implied, will not teach distance.

It would be impossible to discuss this matter in any reasonable space: there is hardly a point of psychology which more requires fullness of statement. To us it seems that Mr. Abbott's views, and views opposed to Berkeley generally, are part of the necessary reaction of Kant against Locke; and we do not see how to go into the question without a preliminary exposition, the very programme of which would frighten our readers as much as the poor princess was frightened by Fadladden's proposal to take a survey of all the stories that had ever been written, as the requisite preface to a criticism of the disguised prince. We think, moreover, that the time is not yet come: the advocates of the prevailing theory may be asked to give us something better suited to our own state of knowledge, something more in keeping with modern scepticism at the outset, than they have yet done. We would have them untie their parcel, and re-arrange their materials, after attentive examination of their value.

Speculators have not neglected the cases of recovery of sight by couching: though few have discussed the most recent and perhaps the best instances. But comparatively little attention has been paid to the information to be derived from cases of extreme shortsightedness, and the methods by which *monopes*, or one-eyed persons, obtain their views of things. The plan has been to get a theory, and then to explain to the deficient how they manage, instead of calling the deficient themselves in evidence. Accordingly the myopes and the monopes stand staring in astonishment at what they hear about themselves: they remind us of the serpent, when singing the account which the American captain gave of him:—

With ninety-four teeth in my jaws,
And all as sharp as any saw's;
I likewise had a sort of paws;
All which I never knew before!

Cuvier observed that young animals, just after birth, seem to know external distance, and run about as if long usage had perfected their experience. This is a terrible fact to get

over: and *instinct* is sometimes called in; but has man no instincts? The whole of this matter has been well treated by Hamilton, in his Lectures on Metaphysics.

Mr. Abbott's book ought to be read with attention, and properly answered if it can be done. Being prepossessed, in a manner, by an old belief that notion and comparison of distance can be arrived at by the eye alone—the single eye, without any help from divergence of optic axes—we may have rated the arguments before us as more forcible than they would appear to others. But we certainly do recommend them to attention as presenting a case well worth looking at. All we wish is that the question may be completely re-opened. We feel quite unconvinced, though we have a conviction of our own, by the arguments of either side: we no more approve of D'Alembert for, than of Berkeley against. Both sides treat the matter a great deal too coolly: the question what we could do with either sense alone, is one; what we do do with both senses in joint action, is another. Let the theories be compacted, and then let them be fairly tried by the facts: the ordinary practice is to deal with the facts as clothes are dealt with in packing: if they will not lie together in the portmanteau in one way, they are folded in another; they must go in somehow. This determination to make things fit resembles the tendency of the eye itself to distort the results of its own experience when placed in unusual circumstances: it can only be eradicated by destroying the organ. To use the very last words of Plempius, when speaking of a disorder,—*Hæc affectio, quia insita ac naturalis, curationem non recipit.*

WILTSHIRE ARCHÆOLOGICAL AND NATURAL HISTORY SOCIETY.

UNDER the title of *Wiltshire: the Topographical Collections of John Aubrey, F.R.S., A.D. 1659-70*, the Wiltshire Archæological and Natural History Society have published, through Messrs. Longman, of London, and H. Bull, of Devizes, the quaint and famous collections of Aubrey towards a history of his native county, with corrections and emendations by the Rev. J. E. Jackson, rector of Leigh Delamere. This Society and the editor have rendered good service to county history by their work. It is not their fault, nor Aubrey's, if the work does not include the whole county. In 1659, some half-a-dozen local scholars and gentlemen, who met at the election for the shire, agreed to write or compile a county history among them. Aubrey did his part towards a history of the Northern division; the collections of the two other chief compilers were not preserved after their death. "Tis pitie," cries Aubrey, "that those papers should fall into the mercilesse handes of woemen, and be put under pies." As for the assistants to the compilers, they let the good design "*vanish in fumo Tabaci* (over their tobacco pipes), and it was never thought of since." Aubrey's collections have fallen just where he hoped they might,—namely, "into some Antiquarie's handes to make a handsome worke of it."

In a loving way and grateful mood old Aubrey set about the labour of noting down all that he saw notable in and about the old churches, and all that he had heard in the villages; and he made notes of all further inquiries it would be proper to make, and he occasionally tells what the inquiry brought, and how little it was worth the bringing. His love of truth penetrated into the most unimportant details, however the story might suffer: he scorned to embroider a tale, or heighten a sketch. Credulous, he might be, as to what he

heard, but he was a marvel of honesty in delivering his judgments. If he takes a sketch of a place, it is the place, without artistic touches for effect. His pencilling of Druidical Avebury is rude and irregular, because the great relic was so in his time, and had been so from all time. In Dr. Stukely's view it is, what it had never been, a true, geometrical circle.

Every one who does not know what a charm it is to accompany a hale, cheerful, scholarly, and gossiping old man through many-storied places, can have no conception of the pleasure there is in walking with this learned and lovable Aubrey through old scenes, and listening to his old stories, and following his indications of where there is something of interest. But for such a guide we should not have marked the figure of that lady "who dyed on her knees," nor have remembered that because Roger the priest, in Calne Church, despatched Mass with unexampled celerity, he came to be Bishop of Salisbury. Do we step into an old English gentleman's court-yard, and observe the barn just inside, we see a picture and learn the meaning of a familiar word. In reference to the neighbourhood of the barn to the dwellers in the great hall, he says—"They then thought not the noise of the threshold ill musique." And as we pass from church to church we wonder at the number of maids and matrons, each of whom for wit, grace, beauty, and all the virtues, never had compeer here, or superior above. Occasionally, something earthy got into these homes of heavenly married bliss below; and Aubrey seems to smile as he reads the lines to you—

Death parteth . . . man and wife,
So as to meet again in better life
On better terms . . .

No doubt, but there seems to linger a slight touch of satire in this phrase, lively with double meaning. Now and then Aubrey tells of an incident which makes you smile, but Mr. Jackson plucks you by the sleeve and whispers explanation, "They have a tradition here," says Aubrey, of Avon village, "that a Queen lay in here." Whereupon, Mr. Jackson opens the Cartulary List, temp. Ed. I., and shows you that John le King and Matilda la Quene were tenants in that very ancient place. They were humble folk. There was no regal greatness in Avon, such as that of the more than royal pride of the Abbot of Glastonbury, shown by his carpet, which Sir Hugh Speke told our antiquary was in Sir Hugh's possession, "in the midst whereof is his coat of arms richly embroidered." The changes that a place may pass through are also here manifested. The chapel for pilgrims at Chapel Playster "is now an ale-house," says Aubrey; "the little chapel yet remains of it." It would seem that from a window of the portion used as an inn, Poulter, alias Baxter, the highwayman, used to watch the Corsham road, and prepare himself accordingly. Mr. Jackson cannot fancy that a "hermitage" could be at the end of a bridge on which high roads converged. It does not seem a spot for solitude, certainly; but the history of turnpikes should tell him that hermits were the original toll-keepers, and that they especially presided at bridge-ends. Less change has, in some respects, come over the people than over the country-side. At Hartham, Aubrey remarks, as one might do now, "The men and women strong, and something warme and well-coloured, a drawing speech, something heavy and melancholy, as under Saturn." There were, assuredly, lively lasses enough in Wilts, and one of the especially vivacious ones survived in Aubrey's time,—namely, Olave Sherington, a descendant of the Sir William Sherington to whom Henry the Eighth gave Lacock Abbey

and estate, and whom Aubrey calls the king's tailor, meaning thereby the cutter and clipper of his coins, for which he suffered in purse, but saved his neck. The young Olave "leaped at night down from the battlements of the Abbey Church to John Talbot, her lover, who caught her in his arms, but she struck him dead, and was with great difficulty brought to life." John Talbot was only "kilt," and "her father told her since she made such leaps, she should e'en marry him." The slightly curved little finger of Olave, in her portrait at Lacock, is supposed to prove this legend, but there is more than one of a similar nature connected with the place,—especially of the nun of Lacock, who broke from her convent at the wooing of a suitor:—

Upon the highest tow'r she stood,
And once she trembled, as she view'd
The dizzy height,—to trace
If he were there, the chosen one
Down to whose arms she would have flown,
Tho' fathomless the space.
But, from the world of stars above,
Love sees the maid with breathless joy,
And, swiftly from the realm of Jove,
Flies thro' the air, that bright-eyed boy.
Quick to the girl he, laughing springs,
With his light zone her eyes doth cover,
Then takes her on his silver wings,
And bears her safely to her lover.

which is pretty and satisfactory, but somewhat too theatrical. Henry the Eighth was less justified in giving Lacock to Sherington than in bestowing Grynthenham, as an honorarium, on his Chirurgion, Ayliffe, for curing him of a painful disease. Henry's footman, Mody,—a good gentleman in his way,—came at least honestly by his manor of Garesdon. "The king falling from his horse as he was hawking, I think on Harneslow Heath, fell with his head into mudde, with which, being fatte and heavie, he had been suffocated to death, had he not been timely relieved by his footman, Mody; for which service, after the dissolution of the Abbies, he gave him the Manour of Garesdon." If we compare lovers, too, as well as kings and gentlemen, we should be disposed to say that Sir John Danvers was not so honest a wooer as John Talbot, for, hearing that the whole Stradling family, resident at Malmesbury, had been murdered, he hurried off to the sister and sole heir of the slain Sir Edward, "and clapt up a match with her before she heard the newes." If the lovers fared half as well as the husbandmen, in the old Wiltshire days, they must have been irresistible in every way. See what Aubrey says of Bishopston in his time: "At wheat-harvest, every message is bound, at three days' warning, to maintaine a reaper. These break their faste at their owne, and are afterwards entertained at their Lord's charge, viz, at dinner, every man hath a pound of beefe, a pound of mutton, a handful of salt, and fower pound of bread, and among all a barrel of beer. This is brought to them into the field. At evening, they all come to the mannour house, and againe every man hath fower pounds of bread, one pound of cheese, and a candle (caudle?), or a cuppe of beer." Why, this must have been John Countryman's paradise, a perfect land of Cocagne. Hundreds of Wiltshire peasants do not now get as much meat in a year as the above good fellows are said to have obtained in a day. "A pound of beef and a pound of mutton!" It must have been "punds Scot," if there was such a distinction in weights as in coins. And then, what turns Jack Upland swallowed with his mutton! "They cut like marmalade!" says Aubrey, of those of Burbage. Epicures may be as grateful as antiquarians to the Wiltshire Archaeological Society, for publishing such details in their magnificent edition of Aubrey. There is hope, too, even for epicures; antiquarians, also, are interested in the fact which Mr. Jackson announces, that the body of King

Athelstan is just now lying, at Malmesbury, under an asparagus bed! If there be fertilizing juices left in his body, what will not this royal "sparro'-grass" sell for a-hundred!

FINE ARTS

The Grammar of House-Planning: Hints on Arranging and Modifying Plans of Cottages, Street-Houses, Farm-Houses, Villas, Mansions, and Out-Buildings. By an M.S.A. and M.R.A.S. With numerous Illustrative Woodcuts and Plates. (Edinburgh, Fullarton & Co.)

We commend this book to all who desire to suit themselves with a house, either by the building of a new one or the choice of one already erected. In the latter case the reader will find it to offer many valuable suggestions for the improvement and adaptation of a residence and its surroundings to wants of varied kinds. The plans which accompany the work are fitted to structures of costly, moderately-sized and small houses and offices. Cottages, street-houses, farm-houses, villas, mansions and out-buildings receive, each in turn, due consideration from the writer, who concerns himself less, however, with the external than with the interior arrangements, and leaves, at least as far as respects the plans he offers, the architectural effect of his buildings to the architect proper. The text supplies much sound and practical advice on the designing or plotting of a house and its appurtenances, such as cannot fail to affect the general aspect of an edifice when constructed.

The subject is one of great interest in these building days, when all our great cities are expanding to fill their approaches, more or less closely, with structures of every kind. That matter which has been so feelingly urged upon the owners of large estates in order to induce them to supply the tillers of the soil with habitations fit for human creatures rather than for swine, is duly and very sensibly considered here; and we are glad to see it treated with less regard to the merely picturesque aspect of the question and of the buildings proposed than for their fitness and economical arrangements. By way of showing the common sense ideas of this writer, let us quote what he says respecting that which lies at the bottom of all architectural success and is the root of domestic comfort:—

"With some architects, fortunately not with many, the rule often is to make the elevation or external design dictate the plan, rather than the plan dictate the design. The point seems unimportant, but a glance at its bearings will show that it by no means is so. In his endeavour to please the client by the picturesqueness of its outlines, such an architect may think first and chiefly as to how the building will look when finished; prompted thus the outline shapes itself in his mind, and is finally decided upon. And the outline thus obtained must be filled in with apartments as best it may. A plan thus obtained may be good and convenient, but the chances are equally that they may be bad and inconvenient. A part may be useless, or if useful, may be inconvenient; but that part must not be sacrificed as it may be detrimental to the elevational character or design. Thus it happens often that the plan is cramped, cabined, and confined, in consequence of the requirements of the design, which design has been foreshadowed in the architect's mind from the beginning, and which has more or less markedly influenced the whole internal arrangements. Seldom as this process may be done, it has nevertheless been done sometimes, and being likely to be done again it is worth while to warn the reader of the dangers of the practice, and make him aware of the advantages of the converse mode of proceeding, namely,

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to let the plan dictate the design. We are far from ignoring the importance of having a design beautiful to look at—far, indeed, for we deem it of essential importance, in a merely mental point of view, that we should not have anything staring us continually in the face which causes regret or uneasiness. But we hold, that if we obtain the essential conveniences in a plan, that a clever architect will be able to give that plan a character distinctive and pleasing in elevation. We simply insist upon this as the primary consideration, that your house shall in its arrangements add to your comfort while living in it, and to the convenience of your servants while working in it. And these can only be obtained by the arrangements calculated to promote them being carefully considered in the plan. Whatever else you obtain you will be sure to obtain this, a characteristic outline, which will tell its own story and give evidence of mind, and where that is we defy a house to be a mistake. As regards its external characteristics or style of design, no truly experienced architect will have any difficulty in designing a good elevation to such a carefully matured plan as we here insist upon."

With much good sense the writer passes from these general and important considerations to those which have significance of their own in the arrangements of the mechanism of an interior; for example, he treats of the convenience of having a level floor, without steps, between kitchen and dining-room; this on account of saving the labour of servants, whose constant passage to and from these apartments is materially eased when the ground they tread upon is of a uniform level. Upon garden planning, we find the observations of the author, who is also, it should be stated, a free compiler from the books of others, to be judicious and carefully expressed. He is opposed to the too near neighbourhood of trees to a house, and defines in what that consists. Quoting Allen's 'Rural Architecture,' with assent, he gives this opinion on this matter:—

"Trees near a dwelling are desirable for shade; shelter they do not afford except in masses, which last is always better given to the house itself by a veranda. Immediately adjoining, or within touching distance of a house, trees create dampness, more or less litter, and frequently vermin. They injure the walls and roofs by their continual shade and dampness. They exclude the rays of the sun, and prevent a free circulation of air. Therefore, close to the house, trees are absolutely pernicious, to say nothing of excluding all its architectural effect from observation; when, if planted at proper distances, they compose its finest ornaments."

This cannot be understood as applicable to the growth of creepers, such as ivy and wisteria, upon the immediate walls of a house or its adjuncts. These certainly afford great shelter, their leaves in fact, as any one may learn who chooses to examine an ancient growth of ivy, form a complete suit of mail to a wall, beneath which all is dusty with extreme dryness; they do not exclude the rays of the sun from an interior nor impede the circulation of air, and are the most beautiful external decorations a man has at command for his house. Evergreens, such as ivy, materially check the radiation of heat in winter. As to harbouring vermin, a charge sometimes brought against wall-creepers by thin-skinned persons, we believe it is very much overstated, and certainly know two magnificent ivy-bushes against which no such objection can be urged by those who have lived with them more than half a century. That person must be very sensitive, as well as very indifferent to the beauty of such vegetation, who, because a harmless earwig or two have made their appearance in an ivy-mantled house, would destroy such a covering; ere folks do this it would be well to insure themselves against intruders of that sort by other means, and not

to jump rashly at a connexion between the parasite and the insect.

Among other sensible suggestions adopted or originated by the writer, is that which favours the introduction of bed-rooms specially set apart for the use of the sick. This was proposed by Bacon, and it is one of those invaluable ideas for which men have not yet sufficiently thanked him. Here is another good suggestion having more than merely sanitary aspects:—

"In the mansions of those whose means are abundant, and sufficient water can be obtained, a large apartment, 8 or 10 yards square, with 'swimming bath' on the door, would look more sensible and rational, and represent more true enjoyment than a billiard-room, which, if it did not give way to so unusual an introduction, might at least be sometimes substituted by something of a higher or more useful character."

We warmly indorse the urgent recommendation of the writer in favour of "speaking tubes" for domestic use in place of the merciless bell, which calls a servant to learn your wishes ere he has the means of executing them. "If you analyze the reason why you want your servants, you will find that in the great majority of cases you want them to bring something which is within their own domains; when, therefore, you have only a bell, you ring for the servant to come, and after she has come, she has again to go back for the article you require, then return with it, and, finally, to go back. With a 'speaking tube' one journey will do the work of four." To say nothing of the duty we all owe to one another not to waste labour and strength, there is a considerable saving of time effected by the act of using a "speaking tube." Every new house, the small ones not less than the large ones, ought to be built with "speaking tubes," every old house ought to have them added. They are cheap enough, and, unlike bells, do not get out of repair.

On the question of lighting rooms, the following is very much to the point. The English custom, which any one may see in full action if he looks at his neighbour's windows, of shutting out two-thirds of the light afforded by the openings of a room, is one of the most unfortunate and depressing to inmates that could be devised by ignorant folks. Take a modern window, with twelve panes of glass, and in nine cases out of ten you will find that the over-careful housewife is not happy unless she has drawn the so-called "blinds" down to the bottom of the highest row of panes. As by far the largest proportion of the light admitted to a room, and all of its brightest and most cheerful qualities, come through these panes, this dismal operation excludes that which is most valuable from the apartment. Curtains, more or less opaque, according to the season of the year, hide at least half of each of the two side rows of panes in a window, and most of those which are immediately beneath the highest line. When these operations are complete, the room is considered properly darkened. Take now what our author says on this subject from another point of view:—

"An ill-lighted house is always a dirty one; believe this to be true, reader. Let the windows then be large and well placed, so that every corner may be lighted, and dirt will fly at its approach; so that, at any rate, if the housewife allows it to lie there, she cannot have the excuse of not having seen it, to plead for its continuance."

With regard to the construction of modern and moderately-sized domestic residences, let us call attention to what is said in this book about fittings and the like articles of necessity. As to what should be done with the exterior of a house or work-building, let us recommend the reader to eschew all attempts at pseudo-

classicism in design, whether in the form of the so-called Palladian or Neo-Italian style, or that which impudently styles itself Greek. These styles are not fitted, and never can be fitted, in this climate, for uses of the merely domestic order, except at an enormous relative cost, and then only under various disguises and questionable appearances of the false order. To all who want to build barns,—those humble, but often grandly-designed edifices,—let us commend what the architect to the Abbot of Glastonbury has left us; to others desirous of seeing what this same officer built in the way of a five or six roomed house, we may point to the Fisherman's Cottage at Meare, near the same great Abbey. For a villa, as we should style it, take the Prebendal House at Thame, Oxon. Of brick-work there exist innumerable examples of noble design, of much later date than these. As to matters of detail and domestic character, take the doorways of old York, especially those in High Ousegate, Goodramgate, and Jubbersgate, for models of efficiency and grace. Common things are these entrances to common folk's houses, at the same time thoroughly honest, and not so costly as sham Roman porticoes of stucco and brick.

FINE-ART GOSSIP.—The Council of the Architectural Museum, South Kensington, have offered the following prizes for competition to all Art-workmen,—namely, two prizes of twenty pounds and ten pounds for the two best wood-carvings of a pulpit-panel in oak, the subject being 'The Good Samaritan'; two prizes of ten pounds and five guineas are offered for the two best reproductions in silver, on a reduced scale, of a cast in the Architectural Museum collection, representing a group of leaves. There are also two prizes for enamels. One of ten pounds for a rosette, executed in transparent enamels on silver, the colours to be of not less than nine separate tints, and a prize of ten pounds, given by Mr. Ruskin, for a rosette, executed in opaque enamels on a ground of copper, the colours to be of not less than nine separate tints. *Bona fide* Art-workmen only can receive prizes. Prize certificates of merit will be given in deserving cases, and the Council will, at their discretion, award the sum of 1*l.* 1*s.*, or upwards, or a book, for objects showing particular merit, although it be not sufficient to secure a prize.

The entire restoration of the Church of St. Cross Hospital is impeded for want of funds. To the donation of 500*l.* by a munificent and anonymous Z. O., has been added 400*l.* by other subscribers; but this is not sufficient for the reproducing, as it were, of one of the noblest and most interesting edifices in the kingdom. Chancery troubles and temporary alienation of property render the "Charity" unable to contribute towards the desired end, out of its funds. In place of having the power to give, it is actually getting into debt. When the late wealthy Master presided over the place, he would neither help to make its beauty live again, nor permit others to do so. The present Master has only the will, but lacks the means; and if any of the zealous persons and societies who expressed themselves "ready to restore the whole building at their own charges," when there was no prospect of their readiness being gratified, would only come forward with as much alacrity and more purpose now, this splendid edifice would again spring into life and beauty. Meanwhile, every individual may do something towards the same end.

"A Sincere Lover of the Fine Arts" calls attention to the wanton Vandalism now being perpetrated at the Louvre on some of the masterpieces of the great artists. The "procès de restauration," he says, "consists in scrubbing down, in annihilating the fine tones of a picture, in laying bare the blue tint which, I believe, is the foundation colour for pictures; in destroying the mellow and unattainable colouring of age, all the delicate and elaborate touches by which the great masters knew how so well to express the deep thought and feeling which animates their works. That beautiful

picture of Guido, 'Christ giving the keys of his Church to Peter,' is washed away to the blue colouring; and so of numerous others. As to the Rubens, they are destroyed. The women, once fine flesh and blood, are now blue women! It is really piteous that a gallery once the delight of every educated person should be thus destroyed and profaned."

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA

Theatre and Music in Leipzig—[Zur Geschichte des Theaters und der Musik in Leipzig, von Dr. Emil Kneschke]. (Leipzig.)

Dr. Kneschke's work is one of the many monographs which are being compiled by German industry as materials for the future historian of the German drama. Of such books, we have recently had Teichmann's 'Nachlass,' for the Berlin theatre; Pasqué's book on Weimar, called 'Goethe's Theatrical Management'; Castelli's Memoirs for Vienna; and now we have the Leipzig Theatre. Materials for the future historian, we have said, and we cannot say more than this. Dr. Kneschke has waded through such piles of the most unreadable materials, and has sifted and winnowed so carefully, that we must give him full credit for his diligence:—only we are apt to wish that the mehes of his sieve had been larger, and that much which he supposes to be grain had fallen through with the husks. When we find him actually apologising for not naming all the members of the orchestra at each performance, we are apt to wish that he had repeated the apology in other cases, and spared us various catalogues of names. However, there are plums in the book; and we shall proceed to pick out some of them, without criticizing the dough of which the rest is composed.

In all such works as this, the chief interest, of course, centres in the great names with which we come in contact. The letters that passed between Iffland and the principal poets of Germany formed the great attraction of Teichmann; and thus, though none of these were settled in Berlin, there was a direct connexion with them, and they were actors in the story. Leipzig is not so fortunate. It was visited, indeed, by Lessing, Goethe, and Schiller, but, with the exception of Lessing, in a rather casual manner, and without leaving much opportunity for description. Goethe's wild student-life is hinted at rather than narrated by Dr. Kneschke, as it does not come within the compass of either theatre or music. Not till we get to the chapter on Music do we find names of world-wide reputation belonging strictly to Leipzig. But those we meet with here are enough to make amends for any other deficiency. Sebastian Bach and his family of musicians; the Mendelssohn period, which Dr. Kneschke justly describes as the *Glanzperiode* of Leipzig music; the beginnings of the *Gewandhaus* concerts; the birth and education of Wagner in Leipzig, with his subsequent visit, when the King of Saxony permitted him to return to his native country, and when his music of the future had given him his present unintelligible pre-eminence, are some of the salient points in the rather lengthy chronicle. Dr. Kneschke says, that the true history of music in Leipzig begins with John Sebastian Bach. The founder of the Bach family was a baker in Hungary, who was driven out by the religious disturbances, and who settled in Thuringia. He had a taste for music, and he numbers no less than fifty composers among his descendants. John Sebastian began studying at an early age, and showed an early love for music. His brother had a book of compositions, which was rolled in sheets, and kept in a press closed by bars. John Sebastian begged hard for the loan of this book, and, being refused, managed to insert his little hands through the bars, roll up the sheets, and get them out in his brother's absence. He had just finished copying the book when his brother detected him and confiscated the copy, besides stowing away the original more safely. This was Bach's first beginning; the last thing recorded of him here is his visit to Frederick the Great. He arrived at Potsdam during the concert, which Frederick gave every evening; as soon as Frederick heard of it, he said to those present, "Gentlemen,

old Bach has come"; and Bach had to appear and perform without even changing his travelling dress. The King took him to all the organs in the palace that evening, and Bach had to perform on each of them; the next day he was taken to all the organs in Potsdam. There is an anecdote of one of Bach's sons which is worth telling,—the eldest son, Friedemann Bach, called the Halle Bach. He was organist at Halle, but his eccentricity often interrupted the service: he would sometimes play long *fantasies* while the people were kept waiting; at other times he did not play at all. One Sunday they waited in vain for the organ to begin, and curious glances were cast at the organ gallery. Some man sitting in the nave turned to his neighbour, who was a stranger to him, and asked who was to play the organ. "I am very curious myself to see who will play it," replied the neighbour, who was no other than the organist himself.

There are one or two notices of Mozart in this book which seem new. He wrote his opera, 'Belmont and Constance,' on the text of a Leipzig poet without the author's permission, and the author was much offended at the liberty Mozart had taken in giving his work an immortality it would not otherwise have enjoyed. The Director of the first *Gewandhaus* concerts, Hiller, to whom Germany owes her knowledge of Handel's 'Messiah,' copied Mozart's 'Requiem' with his own hand. During the French occupation of Leipzig the 'Requiem' was given for a French General who was governor of the town; and to show the military character of the ceremony, there was in certain parts an accompaniment of drums. The playbill of 'Don Juan' as first performed at Leipzig is given by Dr. Kneschke, and runs, "The punished *debauché*, or Don Jean, comic *Singspiel*." This reminds us of a man who read Molière's 'Festin de Pierre' in firm belief that it would turn out a comedy at the end, so as to fulfil the promise of the title, and was totally staggered when the hero made his descent to the infernal regions. Yet it would be easier to find the comic element in Molière's play than in Mozart's opera. Apropos of playbills, the politeness of some which are mentioned by Dr. Kneschke is almost incredible. The honoured public is most civilly requested not to *encore* the arias, and not to go behind the scenes. The dramatic authors have full titles.—Mr. President Kotzebue, Mr. Professor Babo, Mr. District Tax-Collector Weiss. One of the playbills conveys a notice of an amusing conspiracy formed by some of Lessing's friends to entrap him into the theatre during the performance of one of his own pieces. He was walking with some of them, and as they passed a theatre they proposed to go in. Lessing did not object, did not inquire what was given, went in with them, and was rather surprised that the play sounded familiar. He asked for a playbill, which was given him, and he found on it, "Miss Sarah Sampson," in the presence of the author." Then it appeared that the casual stroll by the theatre, and the casual proposal to enter it were parts of a deep-laid plot. 'Miss Sarah Sampson' was a great success at first; Lessing wrote it at Potsdam, whither he retired from Berlin to rest from his labours as *feuilletonist* of the *Vossische Zeitung*. In his early life, while studying at Leipzig, Lessing was passionately fond of the theatre; but his limited means did not permit him to go there as often as he wished. He therefore got himself a free admittance by translating plays from French and English with a *collaborateur*, such plays as Regnard's 'Joueur' and 'Le Distrait,' Voltaire's 'Marianne,' and Thomson's 'Sophonisba.' Afterwards he went on to original pieces; but it is interesting to see that the germs of the great national dramatic critic and author grew from such humble attempts to procure himself a free admission to the theatre.

Frederick the Great's antipathy to everything German, his declaration that he would sooner hear his horses neigh than listen to an aria sung by a German *prima donna*, are somewhat modified in this book by his appreciation of Bach, and by the statement that Gellert converted him to a more favourable view of German literature. We are rather disappointed with Dr. Kneschke's account of Mendelssohn, considering the flourish of trumpets with which he is introduced; but after Men-

delssohn's Letters have made him so familiarly known, we are perhaps too rigorous in expecting an equally vivid picture of him from another. Among Mendelssohn's scholars we find "Sir William Sterndale Bennett," besides some other compatriots not dignified by such a title. Weber's appearance at the *Gewandhaus* as a youthful prodigy at the age of thirteen—the great success of Wagner's early compositions at Leipzig—the meeting of Berlioz and Mendelssohn, and their exchange of *lätens*,—the immense applause with which Beethoven's second overture to 'Leonora' was received at the *Gewandhaus*, so that it had the unexampled honour of repetition,—Mendelssohn shortly before his marriage sitting down to the pianoforte at a *Gewandhaus* concert after the final chorus of 'Fidelio,' in which occur the words, "Who a lovely wife has gained, let him mix with ours his joy," and improvising brilliantly on this theme,—such are the pictures Dr. Kneschke gives us from the annals of music in Leipzig, all more or less connected with that famous concert-room which gives a classical stamp to modern music, and has given its name and reputation to Leipzig.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC GOSSIP.—Hardly are the echoes of our own Italian operas out of our ears, before we must begin to take note of what is about to come to pass elsewhere.—M. Bagier is, apparently, busy enough at Paris, with a view to making his season a brilliant one; but his list of artists is not inviting, headed, as it is, by Madame Penco. For tenors he announces Signori Naudin, Fraschini and Negrini. The Sisters Marchisio, as might have been predicted, count for little in any theatre that wants something beyond the two duets in 'Semiramide.' They are "starring" it in German towns, where unfinished Italian vocalization passes current. Will no manager on this side of the Alps give a chance to Signora Leonilda Boschetti, of whom we hear good on every side? The rumour turns up again that Signor Verdi (who loves what is unwholesome and ferocious) is at work on the abominable story of 'Salammbô.' This, however, is probably destined for the Grand Opéra of Paris.—Another rumour mentions the possibility of Mr. Santley singing during the winter, with Signor Mario, at Barcelona. Should this prove true, the loss to England is a great one, not to be replaced for the present.

M. Carvalho offers a prize for the best setting of a *libretto*, 'The Bride of Abydos,' which opera will be performed at the Théâtre Lyrique.

L'illustration gives currency to a rumour that M. de Lamartine is engaged on a play destined for the Théâtre Français.—Madame Victoria Lafontaine appears to have succeeded entirely as the *Agnès* of Molière.—Molière's 'Psyché' has been acted for the grand entertainment at Versailles, given to the King Consort of Spain, by the Emperor of the French, who especially complimented Mlle. Favart on her performance of the principal character.

'Rebecca' is the title of a new opera by *Maestro* Pisani, one of the minor Italian celebrities of the hour.—Signor Mercadante's new *Cantata* was written for and performed at the inauguration of Signor Rossini's statue at Pesaro. The conductorship of this Festival was in the able hands of Il Cavaliere Mariani.

M. Deffes is said to have had a pretty little success at Ems with an operetta, 'La Boîte à Surprises,' at Baden-Baden. 'La Fleur de Lotus,' an operatic trifle by M. Pascal, has been produced, and another, by Madame de Grandval, 'Le Rouet,' the story of which is the old Italian (?) tale so whimsically treated by Massinger in one of his plays, and again by M. de Musset in his 'Quenouille de Barberine.' The *prime donne* for the Italian season there happen to be two French ladies, Madame Chardon-Demeure and Mlle. Battu. The fate of music keeps pace with the languishing fortunes of that beautiful watering-place, which is now paying the price for the extravagant orgies of its past seasons. These had succeeded in deterring orderly families from making Baden-Baden a resting-place. It may be some time ere it profits by its recovered respectability of character; meanwhile the stringent regulations of the police (not

enforced a company to prosperity. this year (there are influences been felt operas by the heard 'Lol the first; which we ago, when enterprising normal influ to such a to murmur transcended bed-chamber refreshed Wagner's haliser' in 'Euryant beer' 'Hu however, story, the poetical c disclosed, the weary explanation than one lect in di are neith and han mado-dra three. T strike ev conventio poverty; stands w as little c as the m or Frenc conceiv dull sati had leisu what ha the rich as in th rich and this res but his reactiv is nothin of expe meagre Gounod all this, 'grin' is chorus t the Ger may pa grially great d perform strenuo but th unluck ungraci The Ca with al may of of its be over taste, receive Thu At ho music ment. howev circuit 'Assis Leeds the fir one k his to Barrie digest the n

enforced a second too soon) have banished the bad company that gave Baden a temporary glare of prosperity. There is no monster Berlioz Festival this year (which, truth to say, seems little missed),—there are no good concerts. At the theatre the influences of the coming Karlsruhe Festival have been felt in the performance of Herr Wagner's operas by the German company from that town. We heard 'Lohengrin' there, for the first time since the first production of that work at Weimar, at which we were present, upwards of fifteen years ago, when the fever of enthusiasm, stirred in that enterprising little town, mainly owing to the personal influences of a perverse man of genius, rose to such a heat that it was hardly safe for a stranger to murmur a qualification regarding Herr Wagner's transcendent merits, even in the secrecy of his bed-chamber. According to our first judgment, refreshed the other day, 'Lohengrin' is Herr Wagner's best opera, standing after his 'Tannhäuser' in a position analogous to that of Weber's 'Euryanthe' after his 'Der Freischütz,' of Meyerbeer's 'Huguenots' after his 'Robert.' Bad enough, however, is Herr Wagner's best. A return to the story, the picturesque legendary colour and the poetical diction of which admit of no question, disclosed, more clearly than did a first hearing, the weary prolixity of some of the scenes and explanations, the undramatic absurdity of more than one situation, and the resolutely affected neglect in distribution of the principal parts, which are neither effective to sing nor probable to act, and hang awkwardly midway betwixt opera, melo-drama, and pantomime, being none of the three. Then, the absence of melody which must strike every one, proves to be not an escape from conventionality so much as a confession of utter poverty; since, when he does get hold of what stands with him for a phrase, Herr Wagner has as little objection to reproduce it, right or wrong, as the most flimsy and trivial among 'those Italians or French' whom his congregation (happily, we conceive, a dwindling one) delight to lash with dull satire. Again, on returning to the opera, we had leisure to remark the composer's weakness in what has been considered his strong point, namely, the richness and eloquence of his orchestra. True, as in the Introductory Prelude, he can draw a rich and brilliant body of tone from his band (in this respect, however, surpassed by M. Berlioz), but his utter want of resource is apparent in the recitatives. There, when passion is aimed at, he is nothing, save when using the most commonplace of expedients, to wit, the *tremolo*, childish and meagre when compared with Meyerbeer or M. Gounod under similar circumstances. In spite of all this, the beginning of the last act of 'Lohengrin' is Herr Wagner's best music. The bridal chorus (did it occur in a French opera how would the Germans despise it as trifling!) is pretty, and may pair off with the "Spinning Chorus" in the gaily 'Flying Dutchman.' The beginning of the great duet, too, is warm and tender. The Baden performance of 'Lohengrin' was a correct and strenuous one, so far as the singers were concerned, but they were all more or less out of tune, an unlucky fact not to be marvelled at when the ungracious nature of their duties is considered. The Karlsruhe orchestra was excellent. They play with all their hearts in Germany. Make what we may of the music of the future, in this department of its execution the zeal and earnestness cannot be overpraised. The opera, to the credit of good taste, could not well have been more coldly received than by the Baden public.

Thus much of "Bubbles from the Brunnen."—At home there is little to talk about,—the routine music of August offering no matter for new comment. A breaking out of the Art in a fresh place, however, is recorded in the annals of the autumn circuit,—since the Yorkshire papers speak of "Assize Organ Concerts," the other day given at Leeds, Mr. Spark officiating. That he has one of the finest instruments in England to display, every one knows; and he is not an unskilled player, but his taste in selection is behind the time. Even Barristers and Witnesses, we are satisfied, could digest something more solid and better adapted to the noblest of instruments than selections from

Hérold and Meyerbeer, and Bishop's "Bid me discourse," which, however elegant and airy in itself, is as little fitted for an organ recital as 'The Star Polka.'

A new Pianoforte Quartett, by Herr Rubinstein, is spoken of, on good authority, as being one of his best compositions. We should hear it in London, where the merits of this superb player, and real, if unequal, composer, have been too grudgingly received.

Mr. Patey, one of the best-prepared and most agreeable of our singers, has been dividing duties with Mdlle. Carlotta Patti, at Mr. Mellon's *Promenade Concerts*, where, also, the *Glee Union* has appeared.

In old times, when the two patent theatres used to open their respective campaigns in September, some half-a-dozen new actors from the provinces used to challenge the verdict of the town. Now, we have half-a-dozen houses about to open in September, but report does not name even one actor of provincial repute as about to try his fortune in legitimate, or any other, drama. Theatrical free-trade has not worked well in this respect. Players of talent often come from the country to London; but they are not always retained, as they used to be in the good old days. The play-goers who remember the natural style of acting of Mr. Dewar, whose Ratcliffe, in 'The Heart of Mid-Lothian,' was one of the cleverest impersonations of modern times, regret to find that a place has not been found for him on the London stage.

MISCELLANEA

The Possessive Augment.—In the last *Athenæum* your reviewer of Serjeant Manning's book says: "Something of this sort may have produced such a phrase as 'a horse of Jackson's' where the *s* seems superfluous." The phrase has, indeed, two possessives. But "King Custom" often justifies the use even of three possessives. For instance, Whose pencil is this? It is Mary's, one possessive. It is her's, two possessives. It is one of her's, three possessives. So, it is no business of yours, or of ours, or of theirs, are all good English. Your reviewer fights against the word "reliable." Many a "*wuser*" word, however, is coming into use even "with the educated subjects of Custom." For instance, "*lesser*" is used throughout by Darwin.

GEORGE GREENWOOD, Colonel.
Brookwood Park, Alresford, Aug. 23, 1864.

Elizabethan Music and Poetry.—In the sale of a library of music this week, by Messrs. Puttick & Simpson, there were several sets of the early Madrigals of the Elizabethan age, of extreme interest, as well for their rarity as for the poetry allied to the music. The most remarkable of the lots sold as follows: Yonge's *Musica Transalpina*, the first publication of English words to foreign music, 2 books, 1588-97, 10l. 15s. (Lilly).—The first set of Italian Madrigals Englished by T. Watson, 1590, 6l. (Lilly).—Kirbye's first set of English Madrigals, one of the rarest books of its class, 21l. (Pickering).—Weelkes' Madrigals to 3, 4, 5 and 6 voices, 1597, 8l. 18s. 6d. (Lilly).—Weelkes, another set of Madrigals of 5 and 6 parts, 1600, 9l. (Lilly).—Weelkes' Ballets and Madrigals, 1608, 8l. 15s. (Lilly).—Wilbye's Madrigals, first and second sets, 1598-1609, 29l. (Ellis).—Morley's first book of Ballets, 1595, 16l. 10s. (Lilly).—Morley's Madrigals to 5 voices, 1598, 17l. 10s. (Lilly).—Morley's Canzonets, 1606, 16l. (Ellis).—Morley's Madrigals to 4 voices, 1600, 8l. 12s. (Lilly).—Morley's *Triumphes of Oriana*, a set of Madrigals written in honour of Queen Elizabeth, 1601, 12l. 12s. (Lilly).—Bateson's first set of Madrigals, 1604, 12l. (Lilly).—Giovanni Croce, *Musica Sacra*, 1608, 10l. 15s. (Ellis). It is believed that these prices are the highest ever realized for the same works by public sale, and it is a curious fact that these identical copies which this week produced nearly 200l. had formerly been bound together, and at the Rev. W. Gostling's sale, in 1777, sold for 3l. 10s.

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